VOL. CCXII, No. 2770

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THE SPHERE, MARCH 14, 1953
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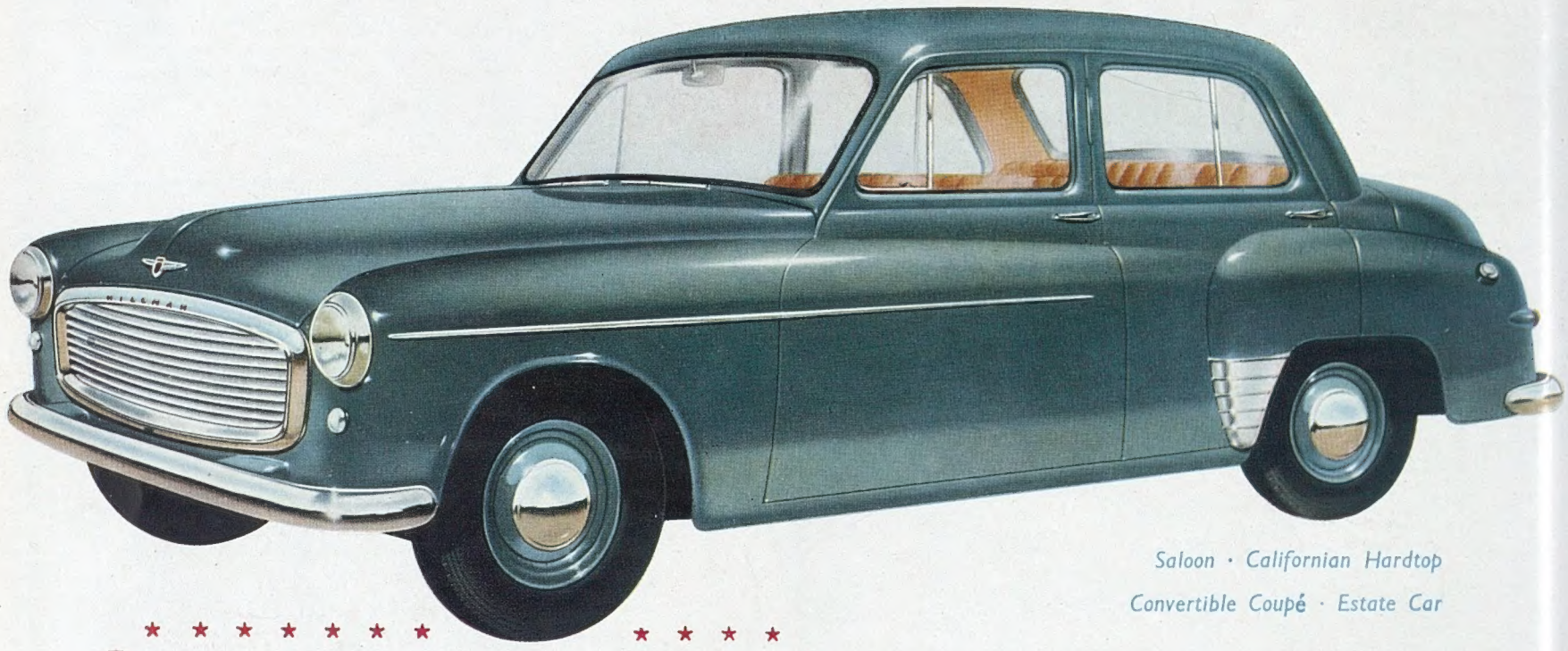
THE New 21ST ANNIVERSARY Hillman Minx



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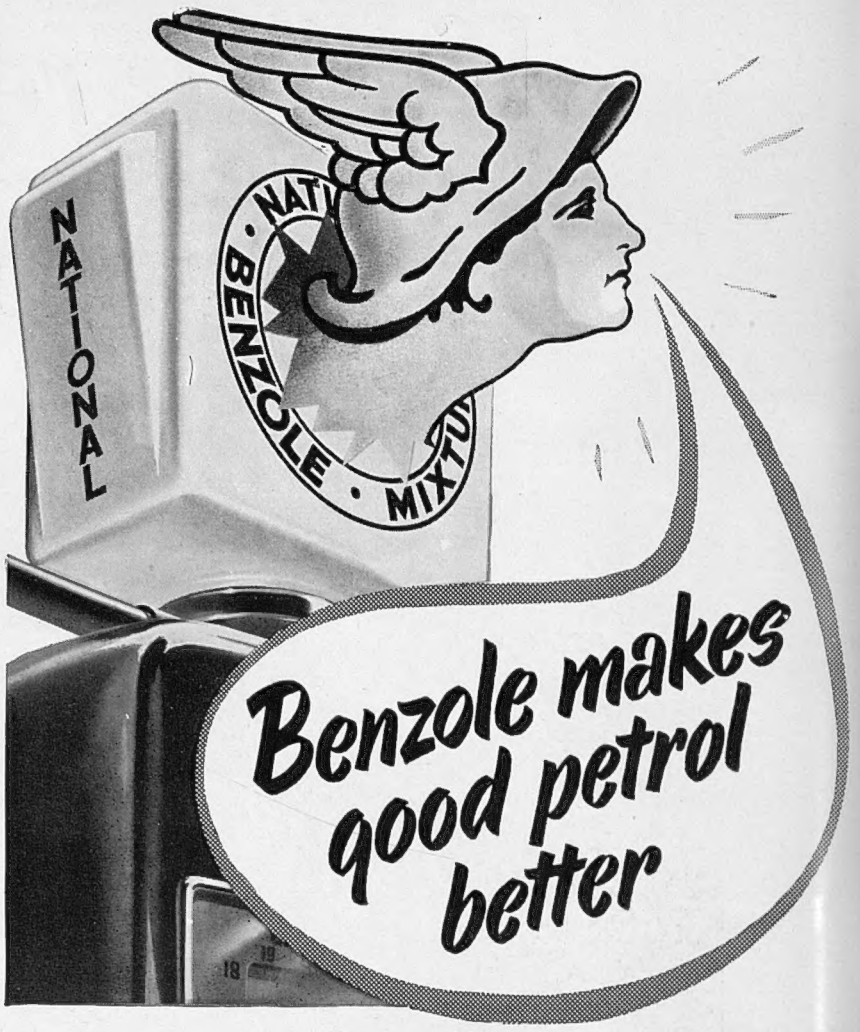

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Immediately the makers of the crane were asked for a replacement. It was not available from stock and the normal delivery was ten to fourteen days—but they had a part-finished crankshaft. Six hours on the lathe completed it and it caught the evening air service from Glasgow. At Northolt a fast car was waiting to take it 120 miles to the site where fitters were standing by. The crane was repaired by daybreak and work started again. Refusal to accept defeat cut down what might have been two weeks' delay to less than 48 hours.

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Volume CCXII No. 2770 The SPHERE, London, March 14, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE LYING IN STATE OF JOSEPH STALIN—THE BODY OF THE SOVIET DICTATOR IN AN OPEN COFFIN IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS, THE RUSSIAN TRADE UNION BUILDING IN MOSCOW, WHERE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF MOURNERS FILED PAST SIXTEEN ABREAST: Stalin died on the night of March 5 as a result of the cerebral hæmorrhage by which he was struck down earlier in the week. His coffin was left open, as was the practice with the Tsars, so that the people could see that death had come peacefully. Last Monday Stalin was laid to rest beside Lenin in Red Square amid scenes of solemn splendour.

Russia was stunned by the news of Stalin's death when it was announced on the morning of March 6. All theatres and cinemas were closed until after the funeral, all schools were closed for the day, and the people assembled to pay their last tribute to their leader. The line of mourners leading to the Hall of Columns, where Stalin lay in state, was at one period over ten miles long. People flocked into Moscow from many parts of Russia to join the slowly-moving column, and delegations from the Russian Republics and the satellite lands flew in to take part in the funeral last Monday. At the funeral Georgi Malenkov, Stalin's fifty-three-year-old successor, delivered the oration in Red Square, hailing Stalin as the man who brought Russia freedom, as the deepest thinker of the age, and as one who gave his life for the liberation of the working class. Further pictures from Moscow will be found on pages 366-67 of this issue, and on pages 383 to 385 is a photographic record of events in the life of Stalin.

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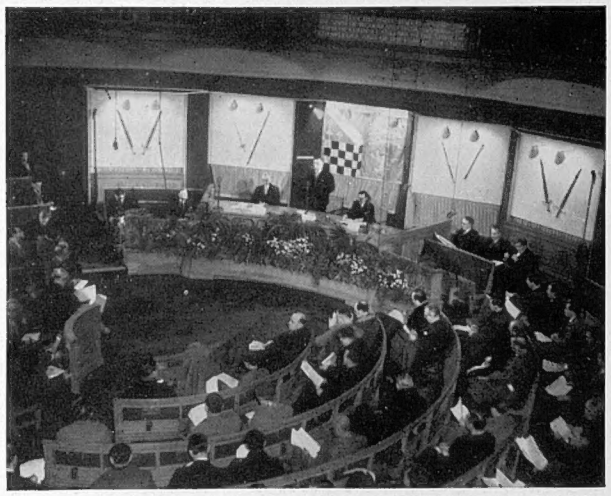
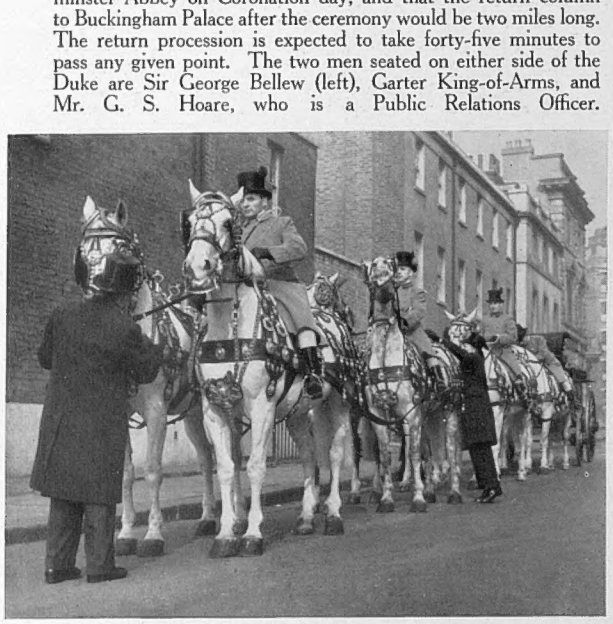
LONDON PREPARES FOR THE CORONATION



THE EARL MARSHAL HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, AND ANNOUNCES FURTHER PLANS FOR THE CORONATION : The Duke of Norfolk, who is seen standing in front of his new banner, announced to members of the Press that there would be nine carriage processions to Westminster Abbey on Coronation day, and that the return column to Buckingham Palace after the ceremony would be two miles long. The return procession is expected to take forty-five minutes to pass any given point. The two men seated on either side of the Duke are Sir George Bellew (left), Garter King-of-Arms, and Mr. G. S. Hoare, who is a Public Relations Officer.



THE WINDSOR GREYS HAVE ANOTHER OUTING IN PREPARATION FOR THEIR CORONATION TASK : The eight Windsor Greys which will draw the Queen's State Coach on Coronation day are now having frequent practice processions through West End streets and they are here seen as they left the Royal Mews on a recent outing. The leading pair are McCreery (left) and Tedder.

GIGLI BEFORE AN EDINBURGH AUDIENCE

SIGNOR BENIAMINO GIGLI GIVING A RECITAL AT THE USHER HALL, EDINBURGH : Though the great singer may have passed his zenith, as some critics claim, his vivid personality and superb artistry never fail to be appreciated, and on this occasion his interpretation of Italian songs was as delightful as ever. Some of the best items of the programme were the Neapolitan songs "Tre parole" and "Paese che'ncatena," with their reflective or conversational style. The accompanist was Enrico Sivieri.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

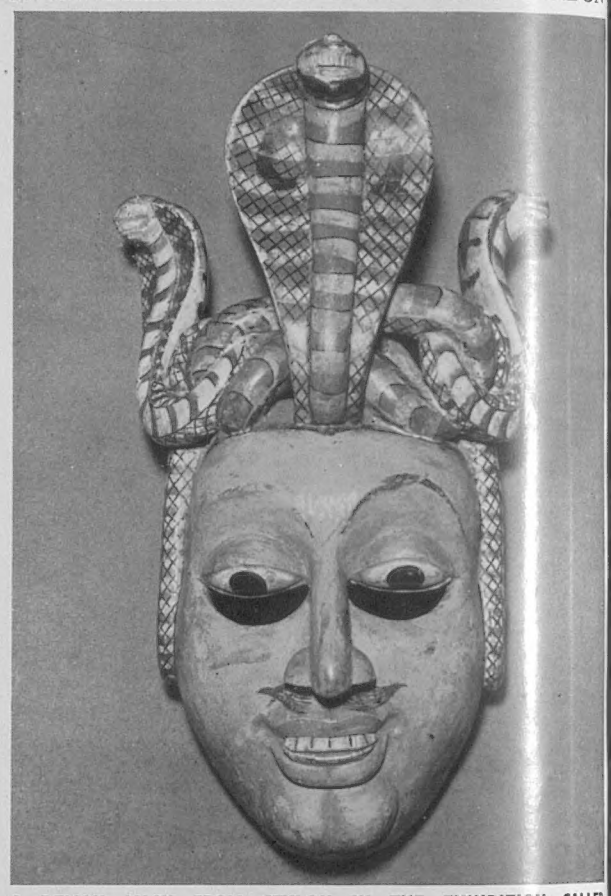
Stalin.—The encouragement (and arrangements) which we journalists were providing for a half-way house meeting between Eisenhower and Stalin were made waste paper by the Russian announcement on March 6 of Stalin's death. Fate intervened, and the President and Stalin will never meet in this world. To-day (Justice compels us to admit) there are probably more people in "enslaved" Russia who have regarded Stalin as a beneficent statesman and father of his people than there are who so regard Eisenhower in America, home of freedom. And that induces in us the further reflection of what the Iron Curtain really is. It divides two worlds utterly different, above all in point of time or evolution. The modern dictator, from Hitler onwards, pursues methods which were forsworn in England centuries ago, in France nearly two centuries ago and which in America never existed. For generations of time it had become utterly impossible that the methods of barbarism (judicial murder, blood-baths, purges and mass assassinations, mass slavery, and so forth) could be employed in Western democracies by statesmen seeking power or holding it down. Behind the curtain, these fearful methods have become commonplaces in our time. The vital point of division therefore between East and West is not ideological. It is ethical. In the eyes of Western statesmen, the barbarism of the Dark Ages exists behind the curtain. Somehow these two worlds—ethically divided by centuries—must agree to live together in mutual tolerance. Whether Stalin's exit from the picture will make this easier or harder it is too early to guess. As a rule, Amurath to Amurath succeeds and a new dictatorship may be more vigorous than its predecessor. For fear breeds ruthlessness.

A "Reasoned" Amendment on Defence.—I suppose that only a very small minority to-day in this country is seriously in favour of a big cut in defence expenditure and a reduction in the term of National Service. The vast majority accept the burden as a grievous necessity and the two-years term as a deplorable but not less essential handicap to the education and the careers of young men. This majority takes note of our present military commitments overseas and our military nakedness at home, and sees no signs of the danger of a sudden resumption of world war receding. If hot war come again, thinking men are perfectly aware that all progress in social welfare would be money thrown away and that our standard of living would return to that of our cavemen ancestors. Accordingly, to argue that defence expenditure must be limited to a point at which it does not "disturb" social services is a form of compromise for the woolly-headed and the half-wit. Yet this argument to-day splits the Labour Party and reveals the emptiness of its policy. And that Party is the only alternative to Conservative Government. For it was the Labour Party which, because it feared, dared to introduce National Service in time of peace—and fixed the period at two years. Now, in opposition, a strong section of the Party, including Mr. Shinwell, who should know the military nakedness of our land, press both arguments to the point of Party cleavage, and have forced on Mr. Attlee and those who support him, a "reasoned" amendment to the Government's motion on Thursday of last week. That amendment was ill-qualified as "reasoned." A "compromise" amendment it certainly was, and men of reason may often decide or compromise. Most of our legislation is the result of compromise. But it is not reasoned compromise to blow hot and blow cold, to uphold a policy in office and to reject it in opposition without any effort to adduce evidence that the conditions which shaped it have altered in any way. It must have been humiliating to a degree to Mr. Attlee to put his name to so shoddy a device in the Party game.

Moussadek—a Mystery Man.—We hear a lot about Persia and the more we hear, the less we know about its statesmen, regime and people. Its Premier, above all. We are told he is egg-domed, spindle-legged, ruthless, a trickster, the sick man of the Middle East. We know that he spends much of his time in a sick-bed or guarded by troops on a litter in his Parliament building, conducting Cabinet Meetings in his pyjamas and dashing off sumptuary laws in a dressing-gown between fainting fits. He is said to be fanatically patriotic, with a burning love for his oppressed peoples and a burning hatred of foreigners and exploiters of his country's wealth. And we certainly have some proofs that he will stop short of nothing to diddle the foreigner. But none of this knowledge helps us to understand why he has succeeded so long in holding down his job and achieving such a mass of complicated conjuring tricks for his country's greater confusion. Power politics often succeed ; but pyjama politics ? He is, it seems, anti-Shah now. We know very little about the Shah. He is thirty-three, nervous, a frightened solitary, weak as water, a pawn in the game, we read. Then there is Mullah Kashani, seventy-three, Speaker of the Majlis, a black-beard, black-robe, trigger-happy statesman. We get no line on him from studying the practices of our own Speaker. He seems to be pro-Shah, forced Pahlevi to cancel his trip abroad, arranged for him by Moussadek, and made his Majesty sob with disappointment as he resumed his heavy crown. No doubt, here as everywhere, there is a struggle afoot for political power at any cost to the people. What do all these feverish Persians want ? It seems to me, writing in conservative Sussex, very odd that the Persians should want Moussadek, or, for that matter, Pahlevi or Kashani. I could understand the masses wanting badly a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and a beautiful *houri*, to make modern Persia more nearly a Paradise. Those things have not come to them through Moussadek's strong hand as yet. But we need light from a new Omar on conditions in modern Persia. Presumably, as everywhere else, it is Communist poison at its deadly work. We need a definitive biography of Moussadek and a slick "Inside Persia" by one of those illuminating post-war journalists from whom no secrets are hid.

Mass Madness.—I usually read with enjoyment Mr. Schwartz's articles in the *Sunday Times*, and his recent "Anybody here seen Kelly ?" rang a particularly joyous bell for me. Mr. Schwartz argued from a particular case of an excellent paintwork-washer thrown out of work because the relevant union (to which he did not belong) considered it "morally wrong" for casual labourers, however skilled, to do this work while skilled or union men are out of work. From the particular to the general, Mr. S. pondered on the tomfoolery and disorders of our time. Like me, he has reached a moment when he feels surprise that half the population of Europe is not dead and the other half in the gutter—a condition of things to which we are progressing perhaps faster than he thinks. Like me, he has reached a stage of experience of modern conditions when he is pleasantly surprised when *any* item in our complicated machinery of services goes right. If the papers are punctual, or the post or the buses or the trains, he assumes that some union official is in bed with the 'flu or one more silly strike is, *pro tem*, called off. In a word, it is not nowadays the solitary individual who goes mad. It is men in the mass. Your neighbour down the road is human, kindly, will lend a hand to stop your leaking pipe, collect your straying goat, help you pick your apples. But put him in a union, an association of any sort, elect him on to a redundant committee, and he becomes at once a unit in a body capable of insensate cruelty to an individual, of the pettiest jealousy of another's industry or initiative, of the basest vices of the dog-in-the-manger, a member of an organisation that sees only virtue and wisdom in stopping anybody doing anything, in crushing the life and hope out of his fellow-man, in squandering public money, in safeguarding the advantages of his association by every un-Christian, anti-social and midget-minded device

A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION IN LONDON



A DEMON MASK FROM CEYLON IN THE EXHIBITION CALLED "THE WONDER AND HORROR OF THE HUMAN HEAD" AT THE INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS : The exhibition, which was opened at 17, Dover Street, W.1, by Dr. Julian Huxley, will continue until April 19. It includes representations of the human head remarkable for their emotional content, such as demons' heads, gods' heads, deaths' heads and multiple-headed gods from Tibet. There are also shrunken human heads and skull trophies of head hunters, as well as modern double-headed advertisements.

hich blind selfishness, jealousy or vanity can devise nd employ. How right was Malthus, a prophet of cid vision. If we can but *decimate* the world's ppulation, we are in for a golden age.

"Punishment Fit the Crime."—Two efendants who pleaded guilty before a magistrate Atlantic City to a charge of operating an illicit ill for the manufacture of whisky were given alter- ative sentences : (*a*) To attend church every week for ve years ; or (*b*) go to prison for an unspecified term. sometimes wish that magistrates in this country were llowed this opportunity for exercising their imagina- on in devising " poetic-justice " sentences. It is dull nd often ineffective as a deterrent) to be confined s we are to the alternatives of short prison sentences, mited fines or the new " discharges." I should enjoy entencing a man convicted of stealing trees or wood felling my own dead trees and sawing them up and olitting them for firewood for my own hearth for term of five years for six hours a week. A very ppropriate sentence, rewarding the unpaid magistrate r his often boring duties and at the same time giving he criminal a healthy chance of redeeming his fame y honest labour for which he is equipped by experience, nd inculcating the lesson of the bees : *Sic vos non obis mellificatis, apes*. But it is not allowed over here. hey order these things better in Atlantic City. nfortunately " the rest is silence." The paragraph did ot tell us which alternative the condemned took. t must have depended very much on the length of ermon usually preached in that city's churches. can imagine that after enduring for fifty-two Sundays he preacher's discourse, the wretched criminal might pply to the court for variation of sentence for the est of his term. He might well prefer to break tones in gaol and find his " sermons in stones." I am nly guessing about American sermons. I enjoy and rofit by those which I hear in my parish church, nd I should choose the church sentence now that our hurch is adequately heated.

The Dutch and the Duchess.—For he last three months Burlington House has drawn all London " and the Provinces to see a collection f Dutch pictures (about 650 of them) painted over enturies. Few winter exhibitions have been more uccessful. The sale of catalogues, reprint after reprint, stablished a record. The catalogue, if analysed, evealed the salient fact that by far the largest part f the exhibits come from English houses and galleries, nd that most of them are available for view in their wn settings, now that so many of our great country ouses are museums. The show at Burlington House as superb and educationally a rare opportunity for xperts. For the layman, it was perhaps indigestible. felt overwhelmed during my visits and should have rofited more if, instead of 650, I had been confronted ith 150. It reminded me, too, of what I have observed mong the visitors who pay to see over one of our tately homes. There, many of those Dutch master- ieces, which have drawn thousands to London who ive within a few miles of Chatsworth, Althorp, Blen- eim, or what not, to gape and glory, stand in their ld settings, but the tourists seldom give them much ttention nor listen to the guide's wisecracks. What oes interest them is the way the Duchess does the lowers, the huge size of the logs burned, the duke's alking-sticks or boot-cupboard, a distant prospect f the duchess's dressing-table, the tickets for the ames of guests on spare bedroom doors. I think the ublic is made art-conscious by propaganda, and hrewd propaganda has been the chief cause of the utch Exhibition's success. The duke's shoes and he duchess's hair-brush will always claim first place n public interest and must be divorced from art xhibitions.

Flowers for Geffrye.—We are apt to orget in these days of many and urgent appeals for elief for persons and buildings struck down by the orces of nature that the Welfare State does not provide or all matters which broadly come under its general urview, even now. For example : The Kingsland Road, E.2, lies in a dreary neighbourhood where people ive outwardly colourless lives and pine for the sights nd scents of flowers which are just now abundant n happier districts. And every year the Geffrye Museum (Kingsland Road, London, S.E.) asks me to ass on their appeal for the gift of spring flowers to elight their faithful visitors from gloomy streets. When I have space, I respond. I hope you will do so lso, in kind. The cost to you will be slight ; a stamp, piece of paper and string ; the reward will be greater. f we all " said it with flowers," I believe we could nd the cold war and bring sanity back, with Persephone, to our sorry, lunatic earth.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE FIVE TOWNS

A Pilgrimage in the Arnold Bennett Country—By PHIL DRABBLE

WITH DRAWINGS BY JACK MERRIOTT

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR ACCOMPANIES THE PRINCESS ROYAL TO LONDON

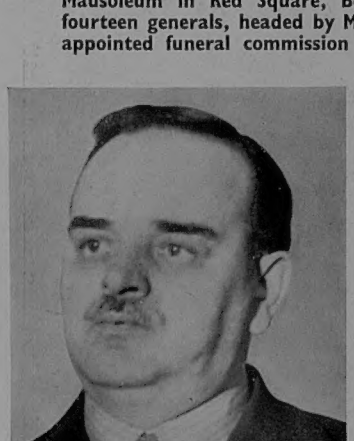
THE DUKE AND HIS SISTER, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, ARE ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR TO A NEW YORK PIER PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND IN THE LINER "QUEEN ELIZABETH" : The Royal travellers have come to England to see Queen Mary, who has been confined to bed with a recurrence of gastric trouble. On hearing the news of her mother's illness, the Princess Royal cut short her visit to the West Indies and flew to New York to join the Duke of Windsor. The Duke also changed his plans by putting forward the date of his proposed visit to this country. Last Monday it was announced that Queen Mary's condition was unchanged.

DUCHESS ACCEPTS THE FREEDOM OF DUMFRIES ON BEHALF OF THE K.O.S.B.

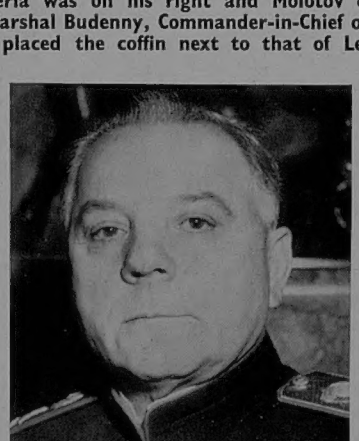
THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, INSPECTS THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS DURING THE CEREMONY AT THE WHITE SANDS, BY THE RIVER NEATH, AT DUMFRIES, WHEN THE REGIMENT WAS GRANTED THE FREEDOM OF THE ROYAL BURGH : The honour includes the privilege of entry into the Royal Burgh of Dumfries on ceremonial occasions with bayonets fixed, drums beating and Colours flying. The Duchess was accompanied on her visit to the Regiment by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Colonel J. G. Crabbie, and the presentation of the scroll of Freedom was made by Provost Thomas Bell. In handing over the illuminated burgess scroll, the Provost recalled that the men of the Regiment had fought from the days of Killiecrankie to the present war in Korea. The Duchess of Gloucester said, in reply, that it was not the first honour which Dumfries had paid to the members of her regiment. In the South African War the volunteers who served with the K.O.S.B. were given the freedom of the town, and she was glad to know that several of those who were made burgesses at that time were present on parade.

Moscow's Mourning Crowds at Stalin's Lying-in-State

WAITING TO VIEW THE BODY OF THEIR DEAD LEADER : The head of the queue (right) outside the Hall of Columns during the lying-in-state. On the left delegations are seen arriving with wreaths. When the body of Stalin was borne in solemn procession through the crowded streets of Moscow last Monday, to rest beside Lenin's, inside the Mausoleum in Red Square, forty nations were represented in the funeral ceremony. Malenkov walked immediately behind the coffin in the procession to the Mausoleum in Red Square, Beria was on his right and Molotov on his left, an indication of their comparative roles in the Soviet State. Stalin's medals were carried by fourteen generals, headed by Marshal Budenny, Commander-in-Chief of the South-Western Group of Soviet Forces. On reaching the Mausoleum the seven members of the specially appointed funeral commission placed the coffin next to that of Lenin. The three funeral orations were then delivered after a five minutes silence had been observed.

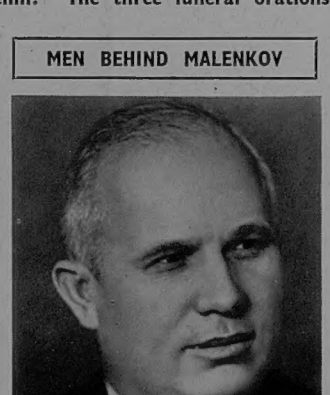


NICOLAI SHVERNIK, WHO HAS BEEN RELIEVED OF HIS POSITION AS PRESIDENT OF THE SOVIET UNION : Shvernik is going back to his former post as Chairman of the Trade Unions, and his position as President is now being taken by Marshal Clementi Voroshilov.

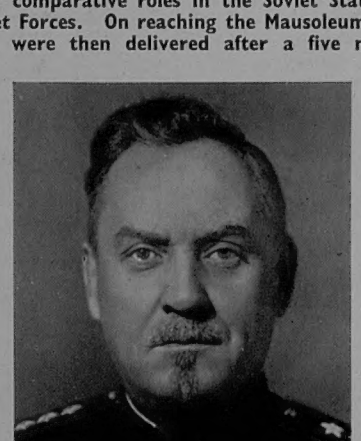


MARSHAL CLEMENTI VOROSHILOV, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.S.R. : The seventy-two-year-old wartime hero and former Minister of War was one of Stalin's closest friends. In the past the President of the Union has been largely a figurehead.

MEN BEHIND MALENKOV



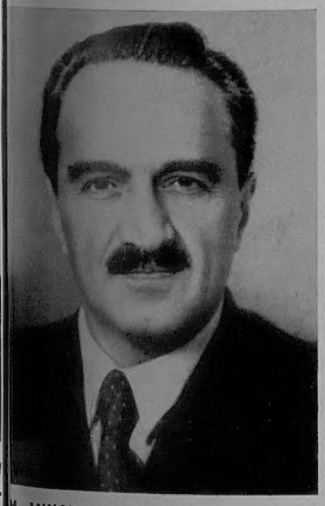
N. S. KRUSHCHEV, ONE OF THE TEN MEMBERS OF THE NEW PRÆSIDIUM : So that he can concentrate on his work in the Central Committee of the Communist Party he has vacated the position of First Secretary of the Moscow Committee of the party.



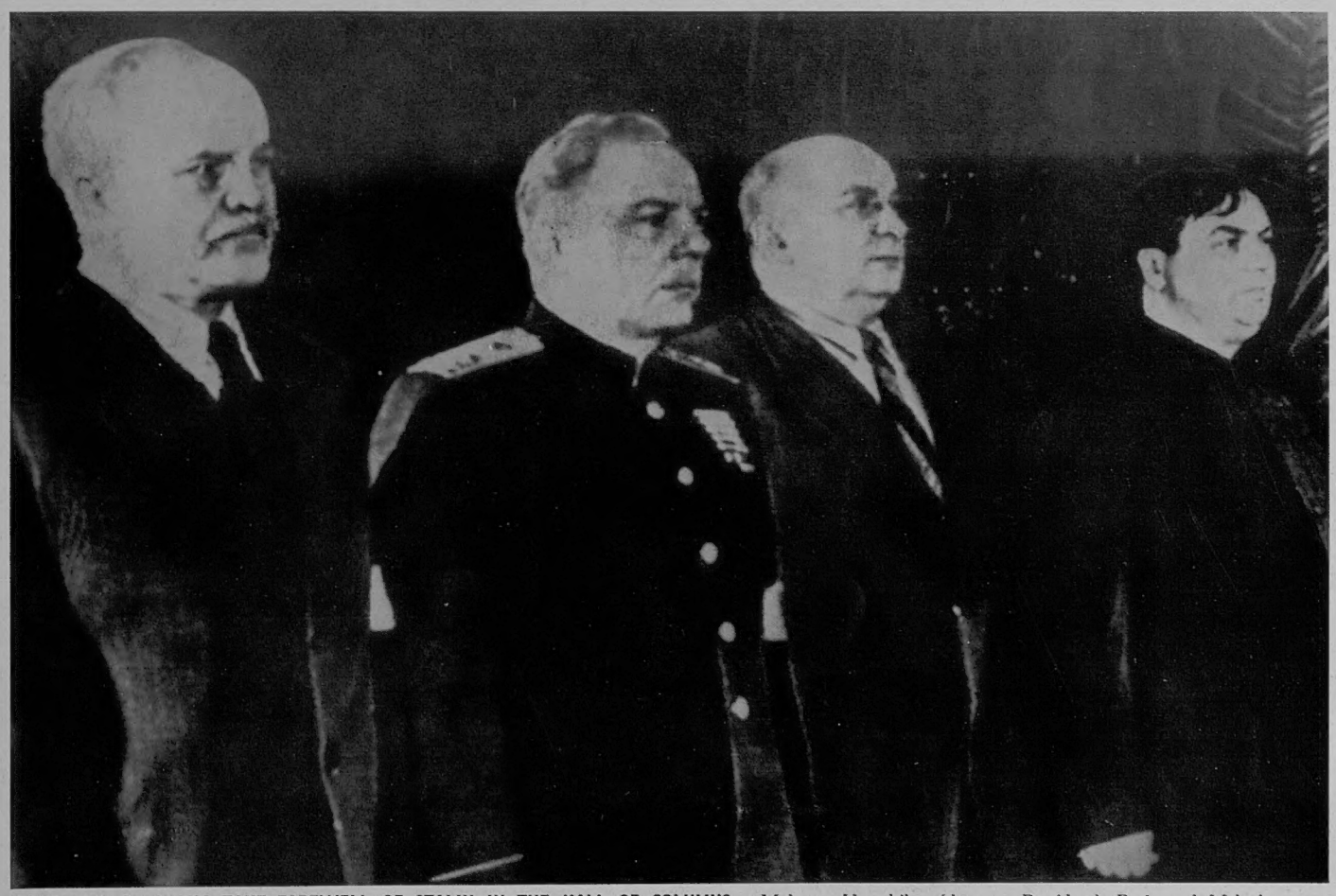
MARSHAL N. A. BULGANIN, WHO RETURNS TO HIS FORMER POST AS MINISTER OF WAR : At one time he was Vice-Premier and now he steps into the shoes of Marshal Vassilevsky, who, with Grigori Zhukov, becomes one of the two Soviet Deputy War Ministers.

M. KAGANOVITCH, THE ONLY JEW IN THE KREMLIN TO-DAY: Kaganovitch, the new Deputy Premier, is one of the die-hards who gave unswerving allegiance to Stalin, but who may find it hard to fit into the new pattern if anti-Semitic measures are persisted in.

SIXTEEN ABREAST, THE PEOPLE QUEUED OUTSIDE THE HALL OF COLUMNS FOR STALIN'S LYING-IN-STATE: All places of entertainment were closed in Moscow and the capital gave itself up to mourning. The Commission organising the funeral banned all traffic, except cars with special permits, from the centre of the city, and at 2 a.m. on the morning of the funeral the Hall of Columns was closed. By 9.30 a.m. all persons holding tickets for the funeral had arrived in Red Square.



M. MIKOYAN, THE ARMENIAN WHO MODERNISED THE SOVIET FOOD INDUSTRY: His work in trading and marketing for his country has brought him into close contact with the West. Now he takes the important Ministry of Internal and External Trade.



FOUR MEN OF RUSSIA TAKE FAREWELL OF STALIN IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS: Molotov, Voroshilov (the new President), Beria and Malenkov seen as they stood beside the open coffin of their dead leader before the funeral. Malenkov, Beria and Molotov all delivered orations at the funeral, but Voroshilov maintained a soldierly silence. Malenkov's swift reshuffle of the leading posts after Stalin's death must have been long planned. Some members of the Stalinist old guard were reduced in rank, and the Præsidium of the party was reduced to little more than one-third its previous size.

THE RUSSIAN MIG 15 JET FIGHTER AFTER IT HAD LANDED AT RONNE AIRFIELD ON THE DANISH ISLAND OF BORNHOLM : The pilot of the plane, the first MIG 15 to fall intact into Western hands, is of Polish nationality, and he has asked for asylum as a political refugee. Immediately after the plane landed, the Danish authorities placed it under a strong guard, and arrangements were made to take it across the Soviet-dominated waters of the Baltic to Copenhagen for full examination.

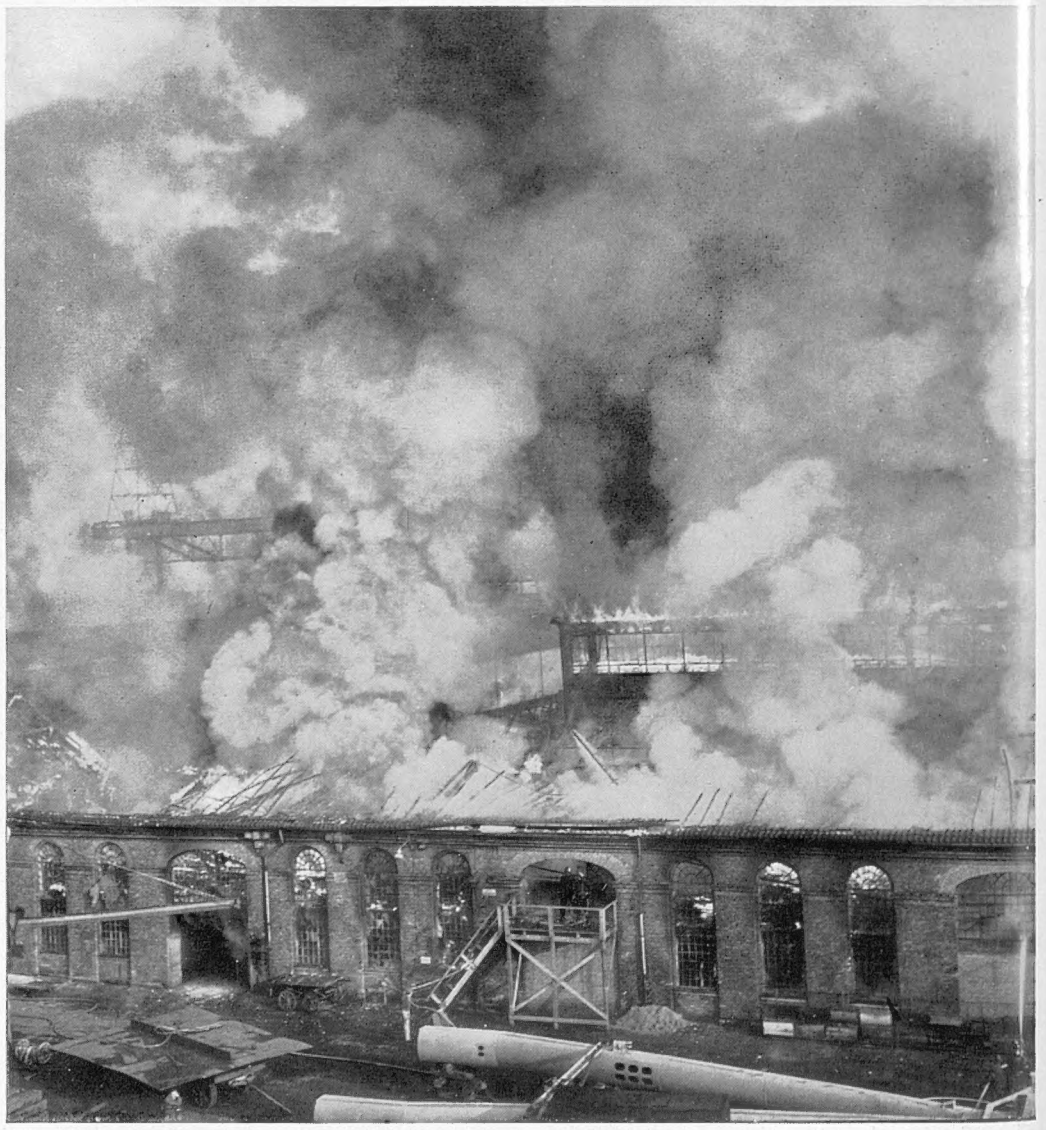
News from Denmark

THE MIG 15 ON BORNHOLM, AND THE COPENHAGEN FIRE

A Russian Fighter Aircraft is Flown to Denmark Intact; Burmeister and Wain's Shipyard Suffers a Great Loss

Flying on exercise with other jet aircraft at a height of 20,000 ft., a young pilot of Polish nationality, by name Franciszek Garecki, suddenly jettisons both his reserve petrol tanks to lighten his load and dives at a speed near that of sound for the Danish-owned Baltic island of Bornholm, which lies about 65 miles across the Pomeranian Bay from the Polish shore. Over the radio the young pilot hears orders from his squadron leader to others of his flight to follow him and shoot him down, but the lightened MIG 15 is too fast for them, and when Bornholm comes in sight the following planes pull out of the dive and rejoin the squadron. Thus with one dramatic dash the first MIG 15 to fall intact into the hands of the Western Allies was landed at Ronne last week. The repercussions were swift enough. The Polish Government sent a note to the Danish Government demanding the return of the aircraft. This did not bring much satisfaction to the Poles, who were told that there would have to be an investigation of the whole affair. Meanwhile the pilot was taken to the Central Police Station in Copenhagen for questioning, while under cover of darkness a three-ship convoy took the MIG fighter across the 120 miles of Baltic to Copenhagen. Elaborate security measures surrounded the convoy's departure, and fortunately it was a starless night. It was clearly possible, thought the Danes, that some attempt might be made to intercept the convoy. One of Denmark's ablest jet pilots, Colonel Erik Rasmussen, said after examining the Russian-built aircraft, that it is practically undamaged. He finds the MIG 15 well constructed. He thinks it is probably better than the Danish Air Force's American or British-built jet fighters, and certainly faster, as it is believed to be capable of flying at 650 m.p.h.

THE YOUNG POLISH FIGHTER-PILOT OF THE MIG 15 HANDS OVER HIS EQUIPMENT ON ARRIVAL AT BORNHOLM : Franciszek Garecki has since been taken under guard to Copenhagen, where he is being interrogated regarding his dash for freedom.



THE GREAT BLAZE AT THE COPENHAGEN SHIPYARD OF BURMEISTER AND WAIN : The main store on fire at the shipyard, where essential tools, as well as a collection of blueprints for new ships, files and wooden models have been destroyed, the damage being estimated at about £250,000. It is feared that 1,000 men may become unemployed. The fire is thought to have been caused by a spark from the exhaust pipe of a lorry loaded with oiled twist. The spark set the twist on fire and in a few seconds the building was ablaze. Smoke from the fire took the familiar atomic mushroom shape.

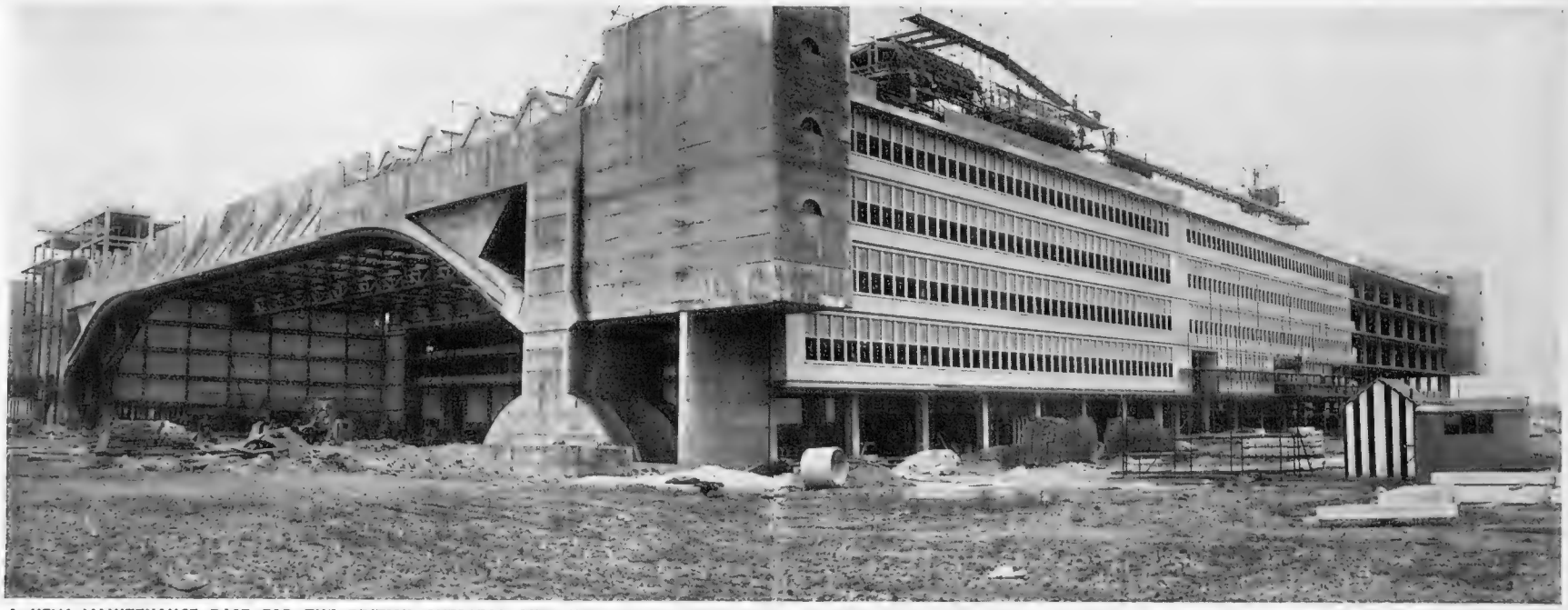
A QUADRUPLE SALUTE FROM THE BASCULES OF THE CHICAGO BRIDGES: The 634-ft. ore ship *Marine Angel*, the biggest ship ever to pass through the Mississippi River and the Illinois waterway system, seen in the heart of Chicago as she neared the end of her northward journey from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes. In "The Sphere" of December 22, 1951, the ore ship *Tom H. Girdler* was shown negotiating this same waterway, but that vessel was 34 ft. shorter than the *Marine Angel*. These giant ore-carriers are a vital factor in the organisation of America's steel industry. Up to now they have been used for short hauls from the Mesabi Ridge region in Minnesota, across Lake Superior to Chicago and Gary on Lake Michigan. But as the ore resources of the Mesabi Ridge give out, these larger ore-carriers will be needed to carry Canadian ore mined in Ungava from the new port of Seven Islands, along the St. Lawrence and into the heart of America, via the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence lock system.

On left—

A TIGHT SQUEEZE ON A CHICAGO BEND: The *Marine Angel* rounding a sharp bend in the Chicago River. The bows can be seen after passing the bascules of the Michigan Avenue bridge. At this time the stern was round the bend. The white building in the centre of the picture is the Wrigley Building and rising behind it is the Tribune Tower.

CHICAGO WELCOMES A BIG SHIP

A FREIGHTER COMPLETES THE JOURNEY FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO TO THE GREAT LAKES, VIA THE MISSISSIPPI



A NEW MAINTENANCE BASE FOR THE BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT LONDON AIRPORT: Windows are being fitted into the block of offices and workshops on the right. On the left is the entrance to one of the four new hangars, which will be able to accommodate the largest commercial aircraft now under construction. The architects for the building are Sir Owen Williams and Partners, and the main contractors W. and C. French Limited.

B.O.A.C.'S CANTILEVER HANGARS

Another Fine New Building Under Construction at London Airport

So great is the speed of progress in the design of new aircraft that the architect called upon to construct buildings to accommodate them is faced with problems of unprecedented magnitude. In the case of hangars, the determining factor is the size of the aircraft to be accommodated. The width, of course, is very large, since the wing span of the modern airliner is rapidly increasing, but it is not often realised that the vertical fins of large aircraft are now very lofty, and that modern hangars must be of considerable height.

Other issues complicating the architect's difficulties are the number of planes to be accommodated in the hangar, the degree in which the planes can be "staggered" to economise floor-space, and provision for future developments in aircraft design perhaps not yet even visualised.

The reinforced concrete design submitted by Sir Owen Williams and Partners for the new B.O.A.C. maintenance building at London Airport seems to have dealt adequately with these problems. In the construction of the four vast hangars the cantilever principle is being imaginatively employed. In the case of the entrances by which aircraft enter the hangars, 75-ft. cantilevers spring from pylons 66 ft. high, with counterbalances of 1,000 tons weight.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON ONE OF THE NEW HANGARS OF THE B.O.A.C. MAINTENANCE BASE AT LONDON AIRPORT: The counterbalanced cantilever design is the predominant feature seen in this picture.

WHERE THE MAJOR PART OF B.O.A.C.'S MAINTENANCE AND OVERHAUL ACTIVITIES WILL BE CONCENTRATED: *On left*—The immense span of the entrance to one of the new B.O.A.C. hangars at London Airport. *On right*—An interior view of the engineering hall, where overhead cranes of 5-ton capacity will facilitate maintenance work. The building will include two pairs of hangars, separated by a rectangular space for the repair shops, which will be equally accessible to the hangars on either side.

TEHERAN'S DAYS OF DISORDER

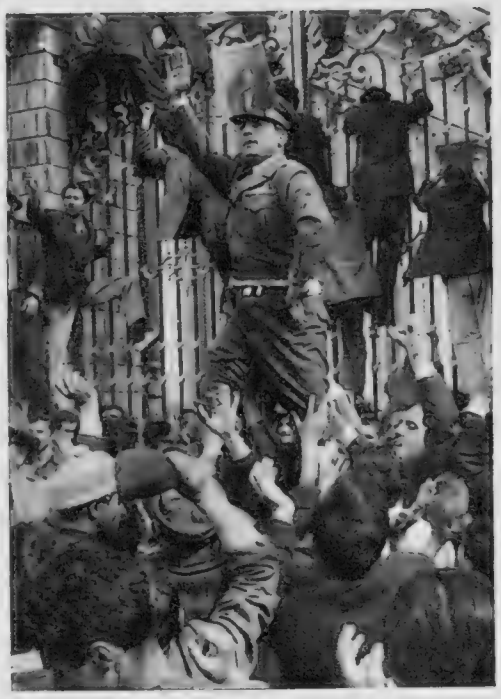
The Supporters of Moussadek and the Supporters of the Shah Clash in the Streets of Persia's Capital

Mohammed Moussadek has juggled for two years with the most conflicting elements imaginable, and at home and abroad he has had his successes to counterbalance his failures. Moussadek, during his two years of precarious office, has had to deal with the Court, headed by the Shah, the Civil Service, the Army, the religious faction, the old nobility, not to mention the street mobs of Teheran and the Communists, but as a fervent Nationalist he has had broad support from the Persian people; and by threatening public appeals to the people he has often won through in the midst of crisis.

A fortnight ago, however, Moussadek faced what appeared to be a real showdown. The Shah, after long wrangling with the Premier, made what appeared to be a move towards abdication. The Shah's action brought Mullah Kashani on to the scene, the religious leader bringing mobs of his own turn of opinion to call for the Shah outside his Palace and to attack Moussadek at his home.

At the same time Mullah Kashani caused the Persian Parliament to be summoned into secret session, and Parliament sent the Shah a plea to stay on. While howling mobs clashed in the Teheran streets, Dr. Moussadek took refuge first in a U.S. Government building and later in the Parliament. The Shah duly cancelled his plans for a trip abroad, and for a while, at any rate, it appeared that Kashani was to be the victor. But on succeeding days Moussadek showed that he still had army and police support, not to mention the support of one section of the Teheran mob, and on the third night of the riots a seemingly victorious Premier slept in the Army Officers' Club. At the same time seventy Army officers, who had demonstrated for the Shah, found themselves under arrest, and Communist supporters of Moussadek found themselves clashing with Moussadek's student supporters. As one correspondent so rightly said, "the situation remains to be clarified."

PORTRAITS OF THE PREMIER ARE HOISTED ABOVE THE GATES OF THE MAJLIS: Pro-Moussadek supporters staging a counter-demonstration after pro-Royalist supporters had been active in Teheran during the days of rioting. Altogether the riots continued for three days, raging round the Palace of the Shah, the home of Dr. Moussadek, and the Parliament House. At the end of the three days it seemed that Moussadek, with a measure of Communist help, had re-established himself in power, although still threatened by his great rival, Mullah Kashani.



On right—
A PERSIAN ARMY OFFICER HARANGUES THE CROWD: Wearing a photograph of the Shah in his hat, he appeals for support in the campaign against Dr. Moussadek. Backing the Shah was Dr. Moussadek's great opponent, the religious leader, Mullah Kashani.

THE ARMY GO IN TO THE ATTACK, CARRYING OUT THE ORDERS OF DR. MOUSSADEK: Troops carrying out a raid during the three days of rioting. Attacking in company with the troops were members of the Tudeh Party, the Communists, who lend their support to Dr. Moussadek, but only in relation to his opposition to the Shah and the Court.

On left—
MOUSSADEK STILL THE HERO OF THE TEHERAN MOB, OR AT ANY RATE, ONE PART OF IT: Students demonstrating in favour of the Prime Minister during the days of crisis. On occasions in the course of the rioting Communists and university students, both supporting the Persian Premier, clashed on points of principle.

On right—
TROOPS FORM A SECURITY CORDON ROUND DEMONSTRATORS AT THE PALACE: The demonstrators were pro-Moussadek supporters, and the Army was there to keep at bay the Royalists, who were very eager for a clash.

WHAT ABOUT THE AINTREE JUMPS?

Every Year the Same Question is Posed: Is the Grand National Too Hard a Race or is it a Fitting Test for Horse and Rider Over What Is Undoubtedly the Stiffest Course in Britain?

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONE of the disadvantages of being known to be fond of animals is that one is expected to disapprove of such a lot of things. Every year, with the approach of the Grand National, I receive one or two letters begging me to use my influence to get the conditions of the race altered. Usually I also receive at least one letter demanding, in no uncertain terms, that I use my influence to have the race abolished altogether. I must confess that I find this very flattering. It is nice, in disillusioned middle-age, to find that there is somebody (albeit somebody who does not know me from Adam) who believes that I have influence. The fact is that I have none—none whatever. And this could easily be discovered on inquiry. The fact that I happen to approve wholeheartedly of the Grand National could also be discovered on inquiry. The people who write to me, the people who send me propaganda pamphlets, have not bothered to find out. And it is apparent, when one reads the pamphlets, that they have not bothered to find out about the Grand National either.

Every year at least one sensational article appears somewhere in the popular Press lamenting the "fatalities" in the Grand National, calling for a reduction in the size of the fences, demanding reform of this "cruel" race in the interests of that noble animal, the horse, man's best friend. And these articles are supported by photographs carefully selected to make a 6-ft. drop look like a suicide's leap from Beachy Head. Nobody, reading this sort of thing, looking at such photographs, and ignorant of the facts, could be blamed for thinking that the Grand National is a cruel race. Anyone with reasonably decent feelings, believing that to be true, would be bound to protest. One cannot but respect the feelings that prompt these protests.

But what are the facts?

The Grand National was first run in 1839. With the exception of the break during the Second World War, from 1941 to 1945 inclusive, it has been run ever since. (It is true that three of the races during the First World War were run at Gatwick—that is, over a "park" course—and perhaps the purist would not consider those three races Grand Nationals proper. But they appear in the records, and I do not think that they can be disregarded.) There have, therefore, been 108 Grand Nationals. The early records of the race are not, it is true, always as complete as one would wish, but I do not think that any fatality has passed unrecorded. People are always so eager to record fatalities. Altogether, in the whole history of the race, there have been forty-one fatal casualties, horses killed or destroyed because of injury. The first fatal casualty was Clansman, in 1845: the last Skouras, who had to be destroyed last year. Since 1839 more than 2,750 horses have run in the Grand National. On the figures, it would not seem to be such a lethal race after all.

Now, I should not like anyone to think that I am all starry-eyed about the Grand National. The thought of a good horse being killed does not please me any more than it pleases anyone else. But it is as well to get these things in their true perspective. Forty-one deaths out of more than 2,750 horses in more than 100 years is not a high casualty rate. And it should be remembered that horses are also, unfortunately, killed on "park" courses, in point-to-points, in the hunting field, sometimes even in flat races.

Nor should I like anyone to think that I am trying to make out that the Grand National is an easy race. It is an exceptionally difficult race, run over a very testing course. It is, in fact, the most formidable steeplechase in the world. But that is no reason whatever for re-forming it, for making it easier. It is right that, in steeplechasing as in everything else, the supreme test should also be the most formidable.

But it is easy to get quite the wrong idea about Aintree, and it is evident that many people have the wrong idea. So much is written annually about the "towering" fences, and how terrible they are, that it is very easy to get the impression that it is not fair to ask any horse to face them. That is sheer nonsense.

The jumps at Aintree are not, in fact, the most formidable in the world, which is the impression that most people get from reading about them. That distinction belongs without doubt to the Flemington Racecourse, at Melbourne, in Australia. The Flemington jumps are not so high as those at Aintree—most of them are about 4 ft., I believe—but they are solid: solid masonry walls, solid post-and-rails, with the top rail usually bolted into position. There is absolutely no "give" in them. If you hit one, you have, in cinema parlance, "had it." The Aintree fences are not like that. They are solid enough; but there is a little "give" in them.

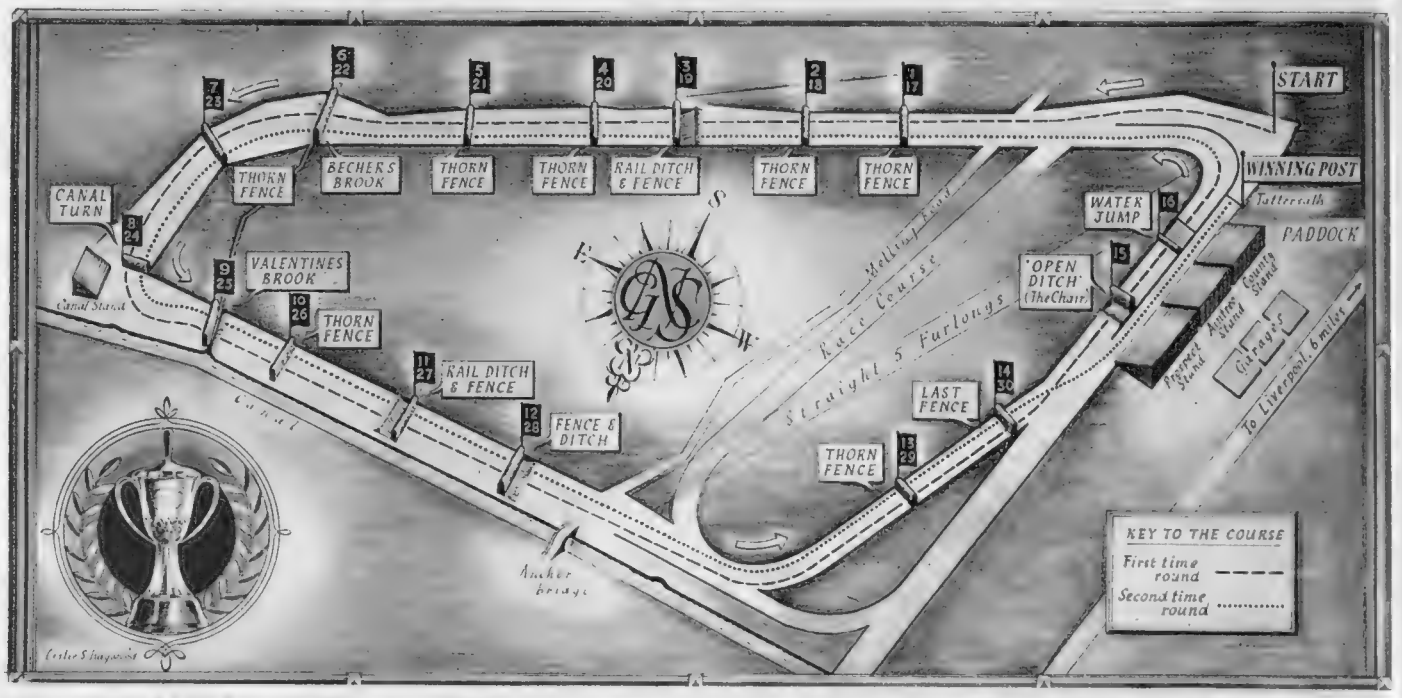
The usual height for a steeplechase jump in this country is 4 ft. 6 ins. That is the ordinary steeplechase fence. There are thirty jumps in the Grand National. Of these, eight are 4 ft. 6 ins., two are 4 ft. 10 ins., eighteen are 5 ft., one is 5 ft. 2 ins. and there is the Water Jump. The 5 ft. 2 ins. jump is "The Chair," the big open ditch in front of the stands, and this and the Water Jump have only to be negotiated on the first circuit of the course. All these fences were originally natural, and I believe that the roots of all of them are still there. But they have been reinforced (with gorse, and so forth), so that they are now, on an average, about 3 ft. 6 ins. thick. Moreover, a number of them have the landing side lower than the take-off (the greatest difference, the biggest drop, being at Becher's Brook), and this is an added test for a horse. No horse without good strong shoulders will get round Aintree.

That this is the stiffest course in Britain is beyond all question. But it is most certainly not an unfair course. The going is almost always good, for the soil is sandy, and the approach to every fence is even and level, which is more than can be said for many a course in this country. Nor are the jumps in any way too severe. Let it be said at once that any good hunter or any good show jumper would not have the slightest difficulty in getting round Aintree. Aintree is a very fair test of a good steeplechaser.

Yet, while it is true that any good hunter or any good show jumper would get round Aintree with ease, it is also true that comparatively few of the starters in the Grand National each year complete the course. There are always many falls—it always seems to me that many people confuse falls with fatalities—but this is due to many other factors besides the severity of the jumps. Horses fall because they are tired (the race is just under 4½ miles long); because they have been interfered with by loose horses; because they jump carelessly; because their jockeys are jockeys before they are horsemen.

A 4½-mile race means that the horse has got to be a genuine stayer. Many of the horses started for the Grand National each year are not. It is easy to say that they should not, therefore, be entered. But it is, as a matter of fact, very difficult indeed to tell if a horse is a genuine stayer or not. Two winners of the Grand National, Emblem and Emblematic (full sisters, who won in successive years), were withdrawn from flat racing because they could not stay a mile in any sort of company at all. And there have been many very fast horses on the flat, who could not stay a mile, or anything like it, but who could stay well over four miles across country. And there have been many steeplechasers who were nearly unbeatable in two-mile chases, but who could not stay three miles in good company, and yet who could win over four miles in the best of company. Rubio, who won the Grand National in 1908, was such a one: a very good horse at two miles, who could not stay three.

In addition to being a genuine stayer a horse has got to be a very good jumper to get round Aintree. And the fact is that the sort of racing preparation that a Grand National candidate gets nowadays is mostly unsuitable and, to the general public, mostly misleading. Quite a number of races nowadays are described by the racecourse executives concerned as "Grand National Trials." Most of these races are three-mile events over "park" courses. The difference between a "park" fence and an Aintree fence is something more than a mere difference in height. "Park" fences are slight in comparison. And there can be no doubt that the fences on many "park" courses are easier now than they were before the war. A horse very soon learns what liberties he can take, and, if he can brush through a fence, he will. It is most instructive to examine the fences on a "park" course after one of these Grand National "trials." Quite a lot have holes in them, and quite a lot of these holes are no more than 2 ft. from the ground. In other words, the horse has gone through the obstacle and not over it. The horse that tries that sort of short cut at Aintree comes down.



THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE AT AINTREE—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD: The drawing clearly shows the difference between the first and second circuits of the course, indicating how after the thirtieth fence, which is also the fourteenth, the horses that remain standing gallop up the course used for events on the flat, and so pass the winning-post near the stands. The start is also situated near the stands, so there is a fine view of the charge to the first fence.

The modern "park" course with its easier and thinner fences has meant an increase in the pace at which the race is run. This has, of course, affected horses and jockeys alike. The horses tend to fly their fences as though they were hurdles. The jockeys ride short, and you hardly ever see one nowadays leaning right back over a fence. It is not in the least surprising that so many of them—horses and jockeys alike—fail to survive the first few fences in the Grand National.

Whether these Grand National "trials" tell us anything about prospects for the Grand National itself is a matter of opinion. My own is that they do not, and that they can be definitely misleading. The weights for the great race can also mislead. The tendency is to disregard all the light-weights as indifferent animals. But it should be remembered that entries for the Grand National receive their weights on their past form, and for the most part this past form has been on a "park" course. The fact that a horse has shown poor or indifferent form over three miles of a "park" course does not necessarily mean that he will show the same form over 4½ miles at Aintree. The only weights that need receive serious attention are the heavy ones. It needs a very good horse indeed to carry a heavy weight round Aintree. For the rest, what is important is not the form over "park" courses, not the weight (unless it be a heavy one), but an estimation of the animal's stamina and, above all, how it jumps. The *sine quâ non* for Aintree is that the horse stands well back at his jumps and jumps off his hocks. And I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that the best school for that is the hunting field. When in doubt, back the ex-hunters.

If there is a Grand National problem, if it is desired to lessen the number of falls at the early fences, then the solution is not, in my opinion, to be sought in altering the conditions of the race (since form on a "park" course bears no relation to Aintree at all as "park" courses are at present) nor in reducing the size of the jumps. I do not, in fact, think that the solution is to be sought at Aintree at all. It is to be sought on the "park" courses. There is no need to increase the height of the "park" fences. But a slight increase in their solidity would soon teach a horse not to take liberties.

OVER THE STICKS AT CHELTENHAM

Sir Ken Triumphs in the Hurdles; Knock Hard Wins a Well-contested Gold Cup; and Bramble Tudor Reveals Herself as a Brilliant Five-year-old

SIR KEN TAKES THE FIRST FENCE IN THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPION HURDLE AT CHELTENHAM : Mr. M. Kingsley's brilliant six-year-old (No. 3) jumping side-by-side with Nuage Doré at the start of the two-mile classic of hurdle racing in which he repeated his triumph of last year, and in doing so won his sixteenth race in succession in this country, where he has an unbeaten record. T. Molony, who rode Sir Ken and completed a hat-trick of winners in the race, said it was one of the easiest of victories, and that he never looked like being caught, despite the last-moment challenge of Bryan Marshall on Galatian. The owner of Sir Ken had a big win, for in addition to the stake money of £3,479, he receives about £5,000 as a result of obtaining odds of 5 to 1 early in the season.

AN EARLY CASUALTY IN THE UNITED HUNTS CHALLENGE CUP AT CHELTENHAM : Maddocks and his rider M. Williams parting company after crossing the third fence in this 3½-mile steeplechase. The race was the second event on the first day's programme at the Cheltenham Gold Cup meeting and resulted in a great win for Tiger Tim III, from the Duke of Beaufort's, which got up in the last stride.

FIVE ALMOST IN A LINE AT THE SECOND FENCE : Competitors in the Cotswold Steeplechase at Cheltenham. From left to right are Mr. R. M. Bett's Loyal, Colonel Lord Joicey's Bramble Tudor, which, with T. Molony in the saddle, won the race by four lengths, Mr. S. Wootton's Noholme, which came in second, ridden by Bryan Marshall, Lord Bicester's Cintra, which is doing something of an acrobatic act in this picture, and Mr. E. Bee's Limb of the Law. Bramble Tudor showed herself probably the best five-year-old 'chaser in training. Her victory over Noholme was most impressive to watch.

ATLANTIS HAS AN AWKWARD FALL AT THE FIRST JUMP : A 20 to 1 outsider coming down near the stands after crossing the first fence, Cheltenham is not an unduly stiff course as far as jumps are concerned, but many of the competitors are graduates from the hunting field and not used to park courses.

TAKING THE LAST FENCE IN THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE : Lady Honor Svedjar's seven-year-old Pontage (No. 2) leading the field in the celebrated race over four miles, which produced a thrilling finish. Second was Red Idler (No. 7), while Air Wedding (No. 28) was a close third. Pontage was ridden with rare judgment by Ireland's leading amateur rider, Mr. J. R. Cox, who gave the seven-year-old plenty of time to settle down. But for a mistake at one fence Air Wedding might have won.

KNOCK HARD WINS THE CHELTENHAM GOLD CUP : Mrs. M. Keogh leading in her fine chaser after his victory in the most important race of the Cheltenham meeting and one of the classics of steeplechasing. Knock Hard must be the most versatile horse ever to win the Gold Cup. He has won good races on the flat and over hurdles. Knock Hard's rider, T. Molony, also won the Champion Hurdle, so for him the meeting was a real triumph after a very quiet season indeed.

HAWAII'S ELEVENTH, AND POSSIBLY LAST, GOVERNOR UNDER THE ISLAND'S TERRITORIAL STATUS, TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE AT HONOLULU : Mr. Samuel Wilder King (left centre, wearing light-coloured coat) raises his right hand as the oath is administered by Judge A. Philips in front of the historic Iolani Palace, seat of the Government at Honolulu. Mr. King took the oath after walking to the front of the platform with the outgoing Governor, Mr. Oren E. Long, a Democrat. In the course of his inaugural address, the new Governor pledged an administration based on Republican lines and urged Hawaii's citizens to prepare for the "greater responsibility of statehood." A part of the Governor's address was spoken in Hawaiian. Mr. King, a graduate of Annapolis, and a Second World War naval captain, was until recently chairman of the Hawaii Statehood Commission.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM EAST GERMANY CROWDING ONE OF THE EMERGENCY CENTRES FOR REFUGEES IN WEST BERLIN : In spite of Communist attempts to stem the ever-growing flow of refugees they continue to reach West Berlin in thousands. To house and feed them requires miracles of organisation.

Proposals to begin "a little airlift" from West Berlin to bring more East German refugees to the West are being reviewed, and air companies have already been asked whether they are in a position to move the refugees at the rate of 950 a day. The three military commandants of West Berlin have also been approached with a view to the use of military aircraft, and if this is agreed, the daily total evacuated from the city could be raised to 1,150. The refugees tell pitiful stories of the reasons which led them to flee. Many have left under the threat of arrest for "political offences," which covers anything the authorities dislike ; some have been deprived of their means of livelihood, and others have found conditions so onerous that they have preferred to take their chance in the West.

Foreign News in Pictures

From AMERICA and EUROPE

Hawaii's New Governor ; Italian Ecclesiastical Ornaments are Shipped to Brazil ; East German Refugees ; Aftermath of the Dutch Floods ; Prince Bernhard at Fontainebleau

THE INTERNAL DECORATIONS AND ORNAMENTS FOR THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, ARE SHIPPED FROM NAPLES : Trucks and horse-driven carts are seen carrying more than 150 huge cases containing numerous ornaments for the new Cathedral of Sao Paulo which, it is hoped, will be ready in time for the celebrations in 1954 in connection with the fourth centenary of the foundation of the city. It was for this reason that orders for the internal decorations were sent abroad. The ornaments include more than 100 large and small figures, 4 altars, 30 stained-glass windows, 83 bas-reliefs and many mosaics. For the figures and other ornaments the craftsmen have used the yellow marble of Siena, Porta Santa, malachite, onyx, lapis lazuli, and the ancient porphyry marble. Pope Pius XII, who has been presented with an album illustrating the future aspect of the new cathedral, has expressed his admiration to the architects and designers of the internal decorations. Begun in 1912, the Cathedral of Sao Paulo is destined to become the largest Christian temple in the American continent.

THE CRATES CONTAINING THE NEW CATHEDRAL'S ORNAMENTS ARE LOADED ON BOARD THE SWEDISH FREIGHTER "GODLAND" AT NAPLES : About 200 tons of precious marbles and bronze were used by the artists in Rome to complete the monumental parts, while the entire colossal work amounts to about 900 tons of marbles and 300 tons of bronze.

MR. SUKAMEN SEN (RIGHT), CHAIRMAN OF THE INDIAN ELECTION COMMISSION, WHO HAS BEEN NOMINATED CHAIRMAN OF THE SUDAN ELECTORAL COMMISSION : Mr. Sen is seen demonstrating a ballot box, which cannot be tampered with without detection, to Mr. A. S. Dhar, the Election Commissioner in Kashmir. Mr. Sen, who has now left India for Cairo, supervised the Indian General Elections last year, when 180,000,000 people voted on the principle of adult franchise, most of them for the first time. He has also advised the Abdullah Government in Kashmir on electoral procedure and organisation. Now, in the Sudan, he will head a commission supervising the General Elections which are shortly to be held under the terms of the recent Anglo-Egyptian Agreement.

HOLLAND'S BRAVE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE SEA CONTINUES AS THE FLOODWATER SUBSIDES : A view of the road between Tholen and Halsteren, on the Island of Tholen, North of Zeeland, which has been under water since the great flood disaster, and where reclamation work is fast proceeding. *Inset on left*—A ship of the Dutch Navy unloading sandbags at a gap in the dyke at Waarde, on Zuid-Beveland, one of the islands which suffered most in the disaster. Elsewhere, work is proceeding on other breaches in the dykes.

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS WITH THE ALLIED AIR FORCES : Prince Bernhard, who is Inspector-General of the Armed Forces of the Netherlands, salutes the Colours during his inspection of the troops at the headquarters of the Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, at Fontainebleau, 35 miles south-east of Paris. Accompanying the Prince on his official visit is General Lauris Norstad, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Air Forces, Central Europe. This was one of the Prince's occasional visits to the headquarters at Fontainebleau.

On left—

THE TWISTED SKELETON OF THE FRENCH GAUMONT FILM STUDIOS AFTER THEY HAD BEEN GUTTED BY ONE OF THE WORST PARIS FIRES SINCE THE END OF THE WAR : The film studios, which for the last year have been used by the French Television Service, were completely gutted, despite the combined efforts of twelve fire brigade units. After being driven from the burning buildings by the great heat, the firemen concentrated on stopping the flames from reaching near-by buildings—a task made more difficult by a strong wind which showered burning debris over a wide area. There were no serious casualties.

HELPING TO PUMP HOLLAND DRY

The Dutch Windmills are Playing a Big Part in the Rehabilitation of the Stricken Land

ONE OF THE MANY HUNDREDS OF WORKING WINDMILLS STILL LEFT IN HOLLAND: This mill, built in the eighteenth century, is used both to grind grain and to pump water from the polders. This year all the mills of Holland will be busy helping to pump the country dry after the disastrous floods which have drowned one-sixth of the land. Some of the Dutch windmills date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The first "bovenkuriers" (of which the top carrying the sails could be moved manually) were built in 1573, and became the type which was built throughout the seventeenth century. Most of the survivors of these early mills are in the area of the Kinderdijk, south of Dordrecht, where they are still in use. The average windmill in Holland works the equivalent of sixty days of twenty-four hours during the year. At other times the wind is too slight to be effective. Because of the low cost and long life of the mills, the Dutch Government has in recent years begun building more windmills.

THESE FIVE MILLS ARE SITUATED IN THE KINDERDIJK AREA SOUTH OF DORDRECHT: The Kinderdijk was only slightly flooded in the recent catastrophe, but even so the mills will have to work full out during the spring and summer in order to drain the land dry and keep it drained. The average pumping capacity of each of these mills is 50 cub. metres of water per minute.

MORE WINDMILLS OF THE KINDERDIJK WHICH ARE PLAYING THEIR PART IN THE REHABILITATION OF STRICKEN HOLLAND: *Left*—Four picturesque mills situated near the junction point of several waterways. *Right*—Two early types of mill, one of them being a "bovenkurier," the whole top moving with the sails. The main pumping operations in the flood areas of Holland are carried out by electric and steam equipment, but even so, the work of the windmills is not to be underestimated.

THE CIVIC HEART OF MODERN MANCHESTER—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CITY SHOWING THE GREAT CIRCULAR BUILDING OF THE CENTRAL LIBRARY, THE QUADRILATERAL BUILDING OF THE TOWN HALL EXTENSION, OPENED BY KING GEORGE VI IN 1938, AND TO THE LEFT THE TOWN HALL WITH ITS CLOCK TOWER: Manchester Town Hall was opened in 1877 and was described at the time as "unmatched for size, completeness and adaptability to its purpose among the municipal structures of Europe." The building was designed by Sir Alfred Waterhouse in the thirteenth-century Gothic style at a cost of £1,000,000. The Central Lending Library has a stock of about 150,000 volumes, and situated within the Central Library is the Reference Library, which contains about 400,000 volumes. Requests for information from the Central Library flow in regularly from all parts of the world.

How Manchester Looks To-day

A Survey of the Great Northern City, a Birthplace of Atomic Research, a Home of the Arts, a City which has Played and Still Plays a Mighty Part in the World of Affairs

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY CLAUDE MUNCASTER, R.W.S.

Manchester, at once a leading city and a leading port, has a population of over 10,000,000 lying within a fifty-mile radius of its civic centre, and it functions as a clearing house for this vastly populated region, in which cotton production and heavy, light and electrical engineering predominate. Manchester is second only to London as a newspaper centre, having two morning and evening newspapers, not to mention its own editions of London papers, and it can truly be called the capital of the Co-operative Movement, which was born at Rochdale, which is only a few miles away.

Originally a Roman fort (Mancenium—the Place of Tents), Manchester was settled by the English and the Danes, but it had no consecutive history until becoming a Norman fief. By 1530 it was the most populous town in Lancashire, weaving having been introduced in the thirteenth to fourteenth centuries with the coming of the Flemish religious refugees, while the Bridgewater Canal, opened in 1772, and the pioneer Manchester-Liverpool Railway of 1830, helped its great nineteenth-century development when the population shot up at such speed.

Manchester suffered considerably in the Second World War, most seriously on the night of December 22-23, 1940, in a raid which went on for hours and resulted in huge fires and heavy damage to business and residential quarters, hospitals and churches. In the second big raid, in June 1941, thousands of incendiary bombs and tons of H.E. bombs fell, particularly in the working-class areas.

To-day Manchester is being planned anew, and areas which suffered severe bomb damage are being scheduled for compulsory purchase. The task is going ahead with characteristic North Country energy, and the redevelopment proposals, based on the Neighbourhood system of planning, show both imagination and an understanding of human needs.

In the following article Patrick Monkhouse surveys the Manchester of to-day. He attempts no glowing picture, for, like most Manchester men, he is a realist, but he shows the measure of Manchester's contribution to the modern world.

MANCHESTER'S FREE TRADE HALL: The reopening of the reconstructed Free Trade Hall by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother took place in 1951. The fine Palladian façades on Peter Street and South Street survived the enemy attack, though damaged by fire and bomb splinter, and this eased the great task of reconstruction.

MANCHESTER is the least prepossessing of the great cities. Born and bred to it, I can never quite see it with the stranger's eye; but I can, with a conscious effort, appreciate his gesture of recoil and disappointment, his surprise that a city which has played and plays so great a part in the world should not look the part too, should not even dress the part. If he stays longer, he will find Manchester not lacking even in visual beauties, some scattered, so that they do not produce a total impression like Cardiff's city centre or Liverpool's pierhead group, some appealing only to the acclimatised, the smoky sunsets seen through the clefts of the towering warehouses, the black velvet coat which long years of soot have laid on the older central buildings, giving them the mournful dignity of an old man at a funeral. But these are incidents. The importance of Manchester is not expressed in the visible scene. It is a process of mind.

One of our great men was Samuel Alexander, for many years Professor of Philosophy at the University here, and a member of the Order of Merit. He came one day to visit my father, who lived a dozen miles out. He walked over the hill, wearing his usual shabby old raincoat, a blue muffler, cloth cap, patriarchal beard, and sat down to rest by the roadside. The village constable tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Move on. We don't want any of your sort here."

The unusual thing about Manchester is that it is a capital without a court, without a government. It is, more than anywhere else outside London and Edinburgh, a place of administration and of merchandising. It lives by thinking and ordering, by buying

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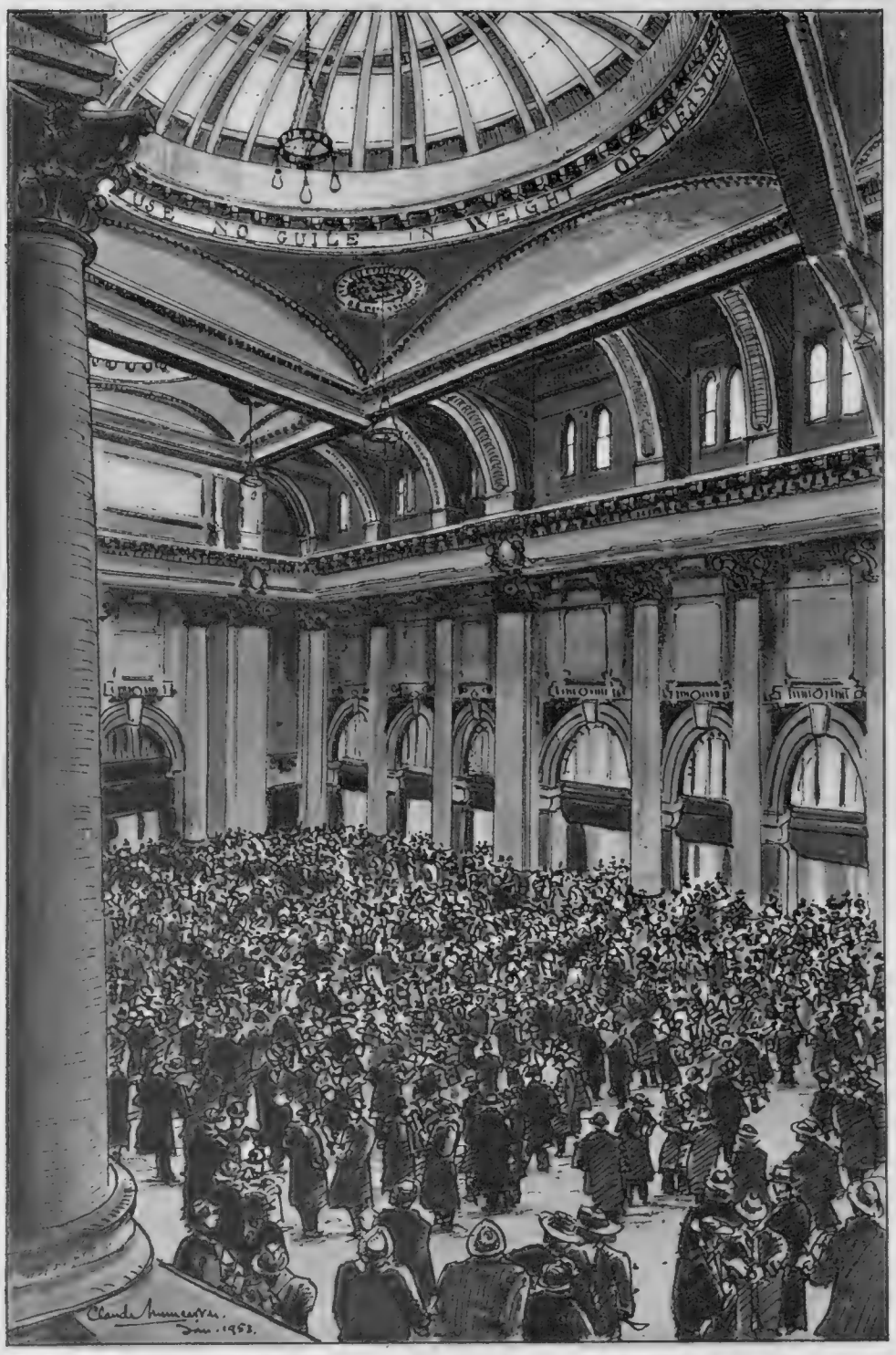
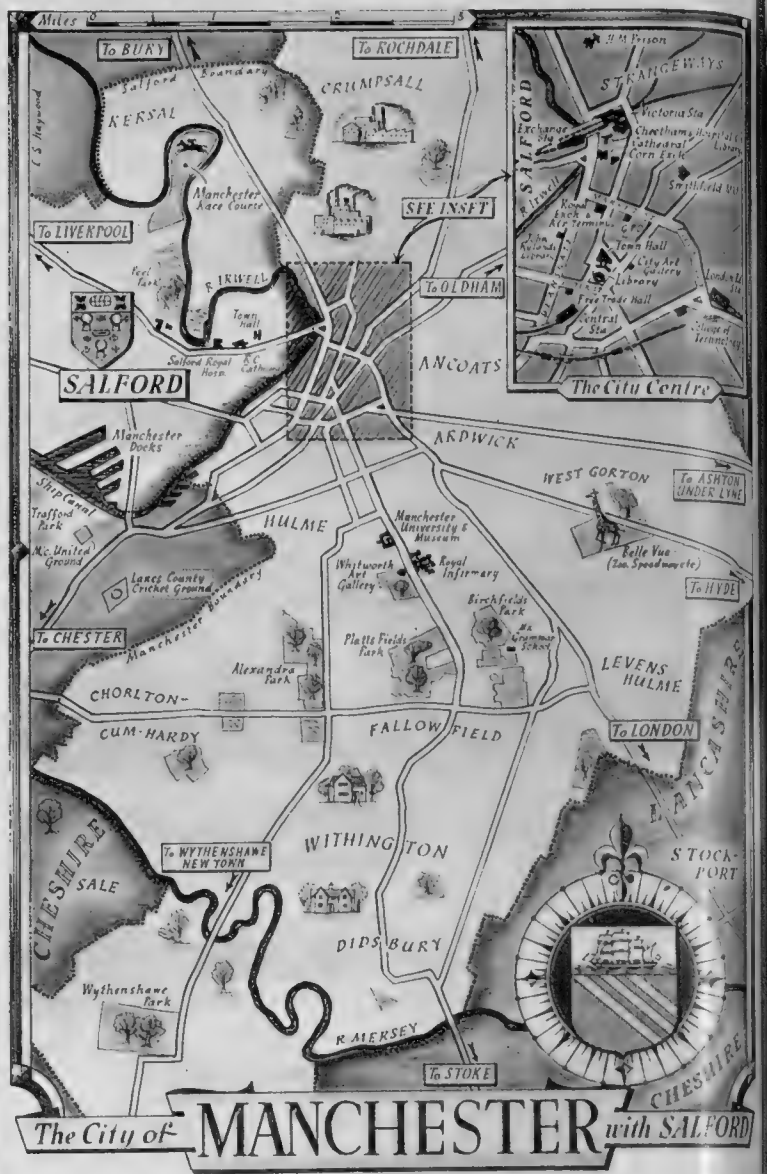
HOW MANCHESTER LOOKS TO-DAY



"HIGH CHANGE" TAKES PLACE EVERY TUESDAY AFTERNOON IN MANCHESTER'S ROYAL EXCHANGE: By 3 p.m., when High Change is at its peak, a thousand or more businessmen may be "on the floor." This drawing by Claude Muncaster shows the hall at the height of business.



THE CITY OF MANCHESTER AND THE TOWNS AND CITIES WHICH LIE WITHIN ITS ORBIT: In this sketch-map L. S. Haywood shows the relationship of Manchester and Salford, and *inset at top right* is a sketch of the city centre. 4,000,000 people live within a 20-mile radius of Manchester.

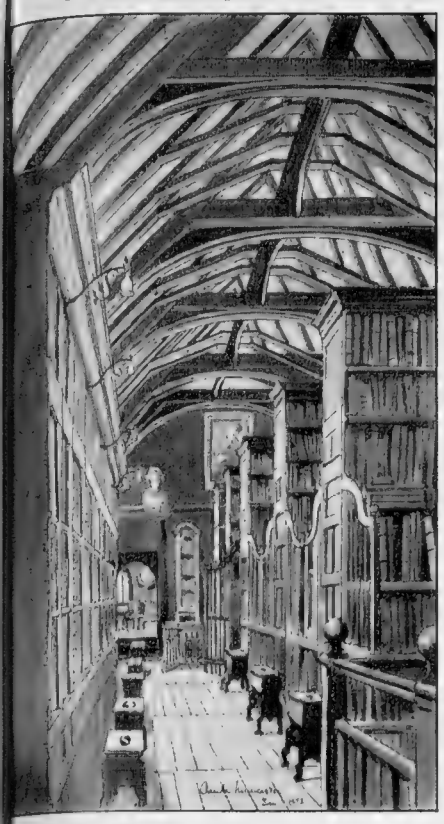
HISTORIC LIVERPOOL ROAD STATION: This station, still in commission for goods traffic, is the first railway station to have been built in this country. The ticket office window still remains, and the capstan, still used for shunting, adds to the general air of antiquity.

ORIGINAL HANDLOOM WEAVERS' HOMES OFF ST. JOHN STREET, MANCHESTER: It was probably in these four houses that the textile revolution had its origin. In the top storeys the weavers had their looms. In the middle storey they displayed their textiles, and they lived on the ground floor.

(*Continued from previous page*)

and selling, not in the main by making things or even by transporting them, as Liverpool and Cardiff do—though neither its manufactures nor its traffic in goods are negligible. I remember hearing a man say, about 1920, in the last years of Manchester's old commercial glory, "If you coom to look at it, Manchester 's t' nerve o' t' universe." And indeed if the nerves of the universe had been filaments of cotton, then the predominant element in international trade, there would have been something in the boast. That empire has shrunk; but other and less extended responsibilities have come to supplement it. The city still remains inexplicable if you confine your scrutiny to its boundaries, or even to what the Board of Trade calls the "Manchester Economic Region," which takes in Salford and Stretford and their suburbs. You have to look at it against the backcloth of the whole industrial north-west, or even of the whole North of England in some respects, before its meaning is seen.

Ten Ministries have their regional headquarters in Manchester. The B.B.C.'s North Region is based here. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce, the Cotton Board, the Royal Exchange are the vital organs of what is still, after all its setbacks, one of the greatest single manufacturing and exporting industries of the world. Here is the headquarters of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, of the Co-operative Union and the Co-operative Press, the bones and the brain and the voice of the historic movement, born at Rochdale, ten miles away. Thirty years ago, Manchester had a banking system independent of the London banks; now there are only two banks in England still independent of London—the District, in Manchester, and Martins, in Liverpool; and Manchester has the only branch of the Bank of England outside London. The Regional Hospital Board works from Manchester. Nine daily papers are published here, making it easily the second newspaper town in Britain; four indigenous, five northern editions of London papers, with full staffs and a good deal of local autonomy.



CHETHAM'S LIBRARY : Old reading stools seen in one wing of the library, the first free library in Europe if not in the world. In the early days of the library scholars or casual visitors could use the stools, but the books remained chained.

WHERE MARKET STREET INTERSECTS CROSS STREET : This view gives some idea of the crowds which throng here during any lunch hour or on any Saturday afternoon. It is a shopping centre which recalls Oxford Street in London, and it merges into another street, equally famous in London, namely, Piccadilly. The white building at the top of the street on the left-hand side is Rylands and Sons Limited, manufacturing merchants. Rylands is a name much associated with Manchester, and it was, in fact, Ryland, the millionaire manufacturer, who bequeathed Rylands Library to the city.

KING STREET : This is one of the main business streets lying half-way between the Royal Exchange and the Civic Centre. King Street extends across the Deansgate to the River Irwell, the western extremity being called King Street West.

THE OLD-WORLD FLAVOUR OF ARDWICK GREEN : This was a Georgian resort for the wealthy and is situated just outside the city boundaries. Ardwick Green was really a township more than a village, and boasted its own town hall. Now, most of the old buildings, while keeping their undoubted Georgian characteristics, have been converted into dwelling-houses-cum-factories.

SHIPPING STEAMS ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE : To any visitor motoring or walking in the country to the south-west of Manchester, it is surprising to look up and see suddenly appearing from behind a farmstead the form of a large ship, for all the world looking as if she were sailing over the meadows. Yet anywhere between Eastham and Salford in the area of the Ship Canal this sight is not unusual.

Lancashire, as a County Palatine, takes its common law from the King's Bench at the Assizes; but it has its own Court of Chancery at Manchester. Among the civic universities of England, Manchester's is in many respects the leading one; and its grammar school has no superior for scholarship.

For all this, Manchester undeniably has not the look of a capital, as London and Edinburgh and Dublin have, and for two plain reasons. Innumerable activities have their headquarters here; but there is no general headquarters, apex of the pyramid, Court of Parliament; no regional symbol, nothing that creates a unity from these diversities and weaves its own garment of stateliness and ceremony. The Lord Mayor of Manchester is our chief dignitary; yet his sphere of authority is far smaller, more strictly localised, than that of hundreds of the citizens over whom he presides.

There is another reason for Manchester's relatively plain looks. We grew, and grew rich, at the wrong time. The old Manchester of the days before the Industrial Revolution (and the city was a centre for the textile trade long before factories were heard of) was swept away, all but a few disjointed fragments, in the burst of development which continued for a century to 1914. And then, as good manners in building, and in town-planning, began to revive, the lean years came upon us and what should have been a renaissance withered away. We have a few relics of the old town; the Cathedral, above all, and St. Ann's Church, the exuberant poetry of the Middle Ages and the well-bred prose of the Whig era; quaint fragments like the Old Wellington Inn (renamed surely long after its birth) which Mr. Muncaster has drawn for these pages; country mansions like Platt Hall and Heaton Hall, which have survived by entering the public service as art galleries. And then there are the fine things of our own time: Fairhurst's Ship Canal House and Blackfriars House, the Worthingtons' Ashburne Hall and the new Grammar School, Barry Parker's lay-out of the Wythenshawe estate: these show what Manchester might have done with

(Continued on following pages)

HOW MANCHESTER LOOKS TO-DAY

THE GREAT PORT OF MANCHESTER—THE DOCKS FROM THE AIR: Regular steamship services connect Manchester with the principal ports of the world. After London, Manchester is the principal oil port of the United Kingdom, with an annual traffic of over 2,000,000 tons. The Manchester dock estate covers an area of 700 acres, of which 179 acres is water space. The quays are 5½ miles in length. In the left centre of this picture are seen the Pomona Docks, and round the bend are the main terminal docks facing the Trafford Wharf, which are actually in Salford.

THE CIVIC CENTRE—THE MANCHESTER TOWN HALL FRONTING ALBERT SQUARE, A VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL MAIL BUILDING: The 280-ft. clock tower dominates the Gothic-style building. The four dials of the clock are each 15 ft. 9 ins. in diameter, and above them run the words: "Teach us to number our days." Big Abel, Manchester's great bell, weighs over 8 tons, and is exceeded only by Great Paul in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.

CROWDED WHARVES IN THE TERMINAL DOCK SYSTEM AT MANCHESTER: The long dock on the le is No. 9 (2,500 ft. in length), and at the head it stands No. 2 grain elevator. There are large t nsit sheds on the quays for the reception and sorti g of cargo. Vessels of 12,500 tons deadweight regula y navigate the 36-mile canal to Manchester, whil vessels of 15,000 tons deadweight navigate as far as Ince Oil Berth, near Ellesmere Port, six miles fro n Eastham.

(*Continued from previous page*)

herself in the last thirty years if first the slump and then the war had not struck the trowel from her hand. Between these terminals, Bonaparte's war and William of Hohenzollern's, lies a bleak steppe, sometimes a near-desert, of buildings of which you can say only that they served their purpose in their time: acre on acre of dirty brick and slate curling round the centre from Cheetham Hill Road to Chester Road (yet better these by far than the appalling warrens they replaced, and which Engels describes with fascinated indignation in his picture of the Manchester of 1844); the shabby pretension or dumb stolidity of the encircling suburbs; the jumble of all styles and none in the shops and offices of the central wards.

Even here good things crop up: Barry's serene little art gallery, and the knight-errantry of Champneys at the Rylands Library. I can't pretend to enjoy Waterhouse's abundant Town Hall. But I bow to the Portland Street warehouses, the black cliffs of Old Lancashire, both for their own solid selves and for the sake of the merchant converters who work in them: they are a truer and worthier expression of Manchester's textile empire than the ponderous solemnities of the Royal Exchange. The merchant converter indeed (see Mr. Muncaster's drawing), is perhaps the characteristic, the classical, Manchester man. He is much more than a merchant. His function, at the full, is creative salesmanship; to divine the existence of a possible market, to anticipate its tastes, to order the right sort of plain cloth from the weaving shed, to specify and arrange for its printing or dyeing and finishing, to make it up in saleable form and to see it into the stockrooms of Singapore, Sydney, Lagos, Rio—you may call the merchant converter a middleman, but the middle reaches most of the way to both ends.

Of industry itself, you will not see much in Manchester, except for the eastern wedge of Openshaw,

...ich is one great engineering shop. Up at Blackley, Imperial Chemicals has its Hexagon House, the brain of its dyestuffs department, a place of research and discovery; but the manufacture of dyes is done elsewhere. But all round Manchester's border the factories lie in a ring. At the great industrial estate of Trafford Park, Metropolitan-Vickers is a giant in a crowd of undertakings, large and small. A. V. Roe have an aircraft factory in north-east Manchester, but they have spread over the border into Cheshire, by Woodford Airfield; Crossley's are just over the border in Stockport. One could think of many more close neighbours whose names are known in the world: Henry Simon's milling machinery, Simon-Carves' coking machinery, Renold's bicycle chains, Richard Haworth's cotton-spinning mill in Salford. Even the Port of Manchester is mainly in Salford—one of the leading ports in the country, 36 miles from the sea and 60 ft. above it, fed by the Ship Canal, which is Manchester's most astonishing creation. The airport at Ringway—which will be probably the most considerable airport left in municipal control—is just within the city's southern province. And what other great cities have a coal-mine within their borders? I have been told that the ramifications of the Bradford pit run right under the city centre.

In this smoke-laden air, learning and the arts have not been stifled. But they have fared unevenly. Manchester is pre-eminently a city of libraries. Humphrey Chetham founded here in 1563 the first free library in Europe. The Chetham Library is still going strong and specialises now in the archives of the region; it is rich pasture for the social and economic historian. A more powerful magnet for scholars is the Rylands Library, founded a little over fifty years ago, with a tremendous collection of early printed books, medieval and Oriental manuscripts, charters and proclamations. This is for scholars only. The public library service began just over a century ago. At Campfield, near the bottom of Deansgate, was the first free reference and lending library in England. The Central Reference Library is now a huge concern, with more than 400,000 books in it; but more remarkable are some of its satellites—the Henry Watson, one of the great music libraries of the world, the Greenwood Library for Librarians, and the " special

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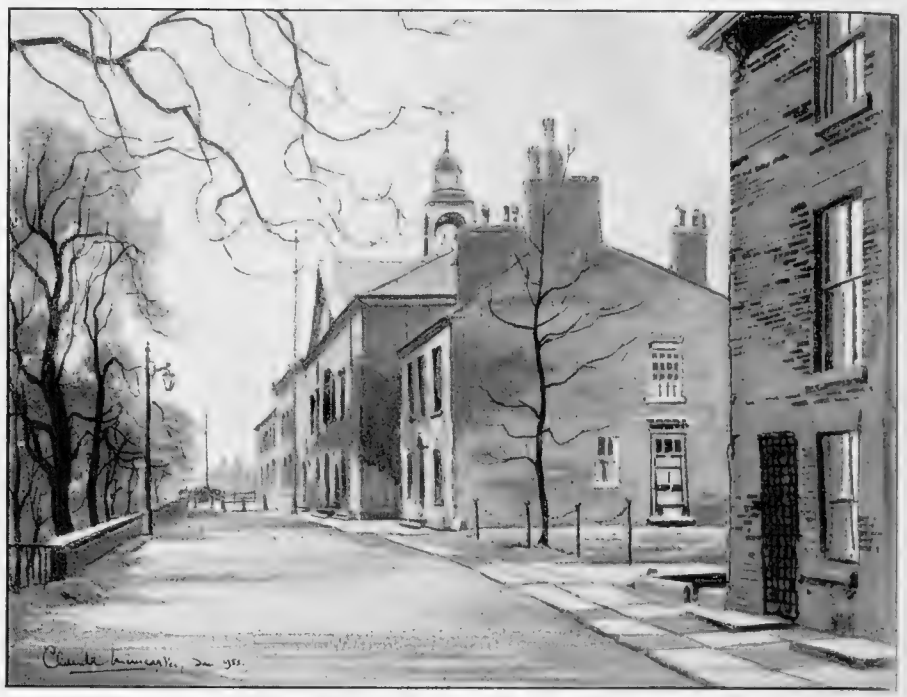
MANCHESTER'S WAREHOUSE AREA: This scene in Bloom Street is typical of the drays and lorries which cram the tall, warehoused narrow streets still paved with sets. It is extraordinary how lorry drivers and carters manœuvre their vehicles so ably in such confined space. In a world so nearly mechanised, it is a relief to see again the dray horses and the sturdy drays which are typical of the Lancashire towns. Were they not so sturdy they could never stand up to the rough passage over the sets.

HOW MANCHESTER LOOKS TO-DAY

MANCHESTER AIRWAYS TERMINAL IN THE CITY CENTRE: Manchester was the first municipality in the world to have a municipal airport; this was opened in 1919, and it now has airports at Ringway and Barton. Ringway is at present being extended.



THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE IN THE FAIRFIELD MORAVIAN SETTLEMENT: In the days of John Wesley, emigrants from Moravia founded settlements in the British Isles and in America. Each settlement was planned as a self-contained, self-supporting community and may be regarded as the forerunner of the garden city of to-day in its logical clean lay-out. The Moravian settlement at Fairfield Square is the largest of its kind in this country, and remains almost unchanged since its foundation in 1785. The settlement, in which the descendants of the original families still live, occupies the site of a farm purchased by the Moravians when it was found impossible to obtain sufficient land to expand their original community. In the distance is the school, now The Fairfield High School for Girls.

On left—

THE OLD WELLINGTON INN: The old inn is reputed to be the oldest house in Manchester. The "Old Shambles" is the name of the street where it stands, and citizens seeing it on the morning after one particular blitz must have thought the street most aptly named. For although the Old Wellington Inn had escaped, all around it was a shambles of overwhelming destruction.

Below—

PRESTBURY, IN CHESHIRE: This is a beautiful village and many Manchester business men and their families reside there. It is a National Trust village and as such it is perfectly preserved.

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collections," which various learned societies have entrusted to the City's Librarian's shelves in order that others may draw upon them.

Forty years ago everyone had heard of the Gaiety, Manchester's repertory theatre, and of the "Manchester school" of playwrights. The theatrical tradition is a little wilted now, though many managers like to launch a play in one of our two big theatres. To-day it is less for its theatres than for its music that Manchester is renowned. The Hallé Orchestra has an international standing, and has never stood higher than under its present conductor, Sir John Barbirolli.

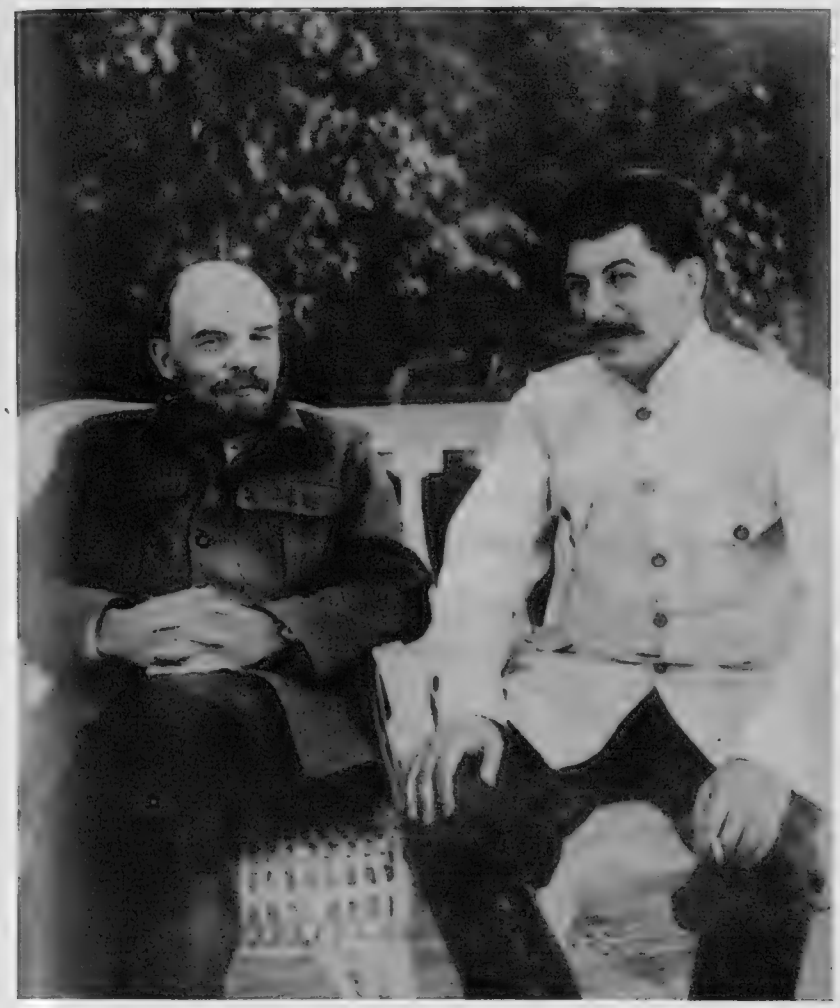
An erudite visitor said to me distrustingly, "Has Manchester an important art gallery?" It gave me some pleasure to reply, "Manchester has eight art galleries, three of which are important." The three I had in mind were, first, the City Gallery in Mosley Street—and in this perhaps I let my affection colour my judgment of what may be called important in its own way. For it has a rich vein of Madox Brown, to me the greatest of the Victorian painters. Then there is the Whitworth Gallery, which is not part of the municipal series, and has the finest collection of English water-colour paintings outside London. There is the Rutherston collection, of about 1,500 more or less modern works, which has its headquarters in Manchester, whence its items are lent to schools and galleries all over the north.

Yet in the eye of history all these things may pale beside the record of two events. In 1803, before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, John Dalton sketched the first outline of a scientific atomic theory. In 1919, in the Physics Laboratories of Manchester University, Rutherford first showed that the atom could be disintegrated.

Patrick Monkhouse.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH STALIN

A Pictorial Record of the Dramatic Career of the Son of the Georgian Cobbler Who Rose to the Most Powerful Position in the Soviet World, and Died Last Week at the Age of 73



LENIN AND STALIN, THE FOUNDER AND PERPETUATOR OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM: This picture was taken in 1922, the year in which Stalin was elected General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Bolshevist Party, a position he used after Lenin's death to bring him supreme control. He was proposed for this post by Zinoviev, but more recent official biographies have stated that it was Lenin who proposed Stalin as Secretary.

IN WARTIME THE PATRIOTIC LEADER OF AN EMBATTLED NATION: Stalin seen in military uniform and in the background the Spassky Tower of the Kremlin. Stalin directed Russia's war effort in all its major aspects.

TWO YEARS AFTER THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: Stalin, Lenin and Kalinin at the Eighth Party Congress in 1919. It was about this time that Stalin began to emerge as a leading figure, and after the Revolution he was appointed one of the members of the all-important Political Bureau. Kalinin's first major post was as president of Petrograd Soviet.

GEORGI MALENKOV, THE SUCCESSOR: In the hours after Stalin's death it was widely expected that Malenkov would take over.

It may be that in Joseph Stalin history has produced one of her most contradictory characters. Certain it is that this is no time for assessment; that will have to await the perspective of the years; but it is a strange fact that the cold war, which has inflicted different degrees of misery on millions of men, women and children, should have been the product of Stalin's thought and action, no less than his truly inspired and paternal leadership in what the Russians call the Great Patriotic War.

In his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, John Lothrop Motley wrote of William the Silent: "While he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." There is no doubt that in Russian minds that quality which enabled William the Silent to be the father of his people belonged also to Joseph Stalin. His personality was never completely shrouded by the Kremlin walls, demi-god though he came to be, and somehow it spread far beyond the confines of his own land.

Whether this view of a paternal Stalin is all illusion, or part illusion, we cannot know now, and we may never know; there has been too much tampering with contemporary history by the propaganda machine, but that this cobbler's son from the Caucasus was a mighty guiding force there is no gainsaying; and there is no gainsaying either what his death means to the individual people of Russia measured in terms of personal loss. Let us leave it at that.

Joseph Vissarionovitch Stalin was born on December 21, 1879, in the small Caucasian town of Gori, near Tiflis, and he breathed his last in his four-roomed flat in the Kremlin, Moscow, at 9.50 p.m. on the night of March 5, 1953.

In the intervening years he rose to the most powerful position in the modern world. On him fell the mantle of Lenin, the architect of the Russian Revolution, and Stalin made sure that that mantle did not fall from his own broad shoulders, securing his political future by measures as ruthless as he used in securing the position of his own country in the face of a hostile world.

Stalin's early years after his training at a theological college and his expulsion from school were spent as a revolutionary, living dangerously and under a host of aliases. By 1912 we begin to hear of him as a leading light in revolutionary circles, a writer of pamphlets and maker of speeches, but it was not until the October Revolution that his star really began to shine and that the world began to see him constantly in the company of Lenin. How far Lenin believed that Stalin was his natural successor we do not know, for Lenin put on record that he sought someone more patient, more loyal and more polite than the ruthless Georgian. Stalin, however, captured the party machine, and so at Lenin's death he took command. In 1927 Stalin felt strong enough to deliver the knock-out blow against his great rivals Trotsky and Zinoviev, and thereafter it was nearly all plain sailing on the home front for a man who knew the ins and outs of politics in the way that Stalin knew them. The history of the more recent years is well known enough. How Stalin built up the Russian economy in his five-year plans, and how, when the testing time came, he led his people in war, will never be forgotten, but the world will always wonder why, after Yalta and Potsdam, he took the line that he did and helped to create the clear-cut tragic division which makes the world of 1953 a world of woeful insecurity, measureless human suffering, and insensate strife.

R. C. E.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOSEPH STALIN

FOUR PHASES IN THE CAREER OF JOSEPH STALIN : *Left*—Stalin in the early revolutionary days. In 1898, at the age of nineteen, he was expelled from school and from then on devoted all his time to revolutionary activities, concentrating upon propaganda among the working men of Tiflis and invariably living dangerously. *Second from left*—Stalin in 1919 at the age of forty, when he was a member of the Political Bureau and for the first time a recognised national leader. *Second from right*—Stalin during the time of Lenin's last illness, when Lenin had been crippled by a stroke and the succession was being so hotly debated. *Right*—Stalin and his wife in 1939.

On left—

IN THE DAYS OF THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION : Stalin is seen in the foreground with hand upraised, and towards the left, wearing military uniform, is Trotsky, the founder of the Red Army and for so long the bitter rival of Stalin. Stalin long regretted his "leniency" to Trotsky.

On right—

ON HIS WAY TO THE COMMUNIST PARTY CONGRESS IN 1930 : Stalin, a confident figure, strides along the pavement, portfolio in hand. In later days he was seen less and less in public, becoming the revered, half-mysterious figure who dwelt behind the Kremlin walls, "the little father of his people." He had become in his majestic remoteness a more than human figure—in fact, a demi-god.

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV : He was for long Stalin's right-hand man in the Soviet Government, and he was Premier from 1930 to 1939, becoming well known to western diplomats. Of late it is said that Molotov's health has not been good.

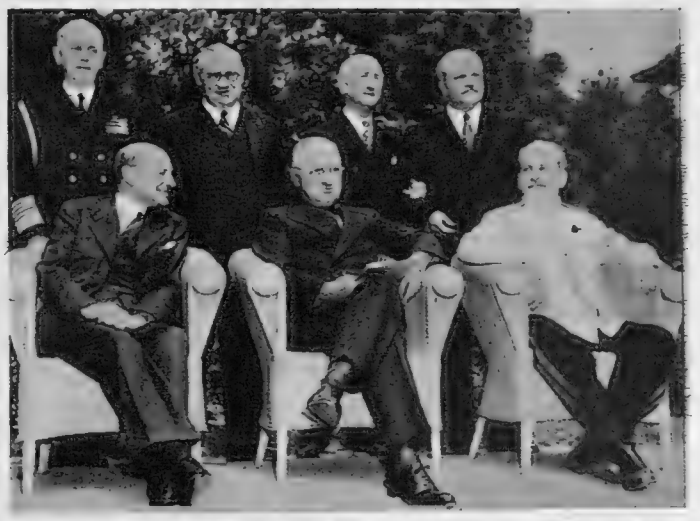
THE POWERFUL LAURENTI BERIA : He is head of the political police and of Russia's whole security system. Beria is likely to be in the very centre of affairs in the years that lie ahead.

IN THE DAYS OF THE FIRST FIVE-YEAR PLAN : Stalin seated between Voroshilov and President Kalinin on the occasion of a military gathering in 1932. Seated on the extreme left is the faithful Molotov, then Prime Minister and undoubtedly the best-known Soviet figure in the Western world after Joseph Stalin. Molotov's capacity as an administrator has been revealed time and time again.

WAS IT THE GREAT BLUNDER OF STALIN'S REGIME? Molotov signing the German-Soviet Pact of non-Aggression with an unsmiling Ribbentrop and a smiling Stalin standing in the background. The treaty was signed in Moscow in August 1939. It made war in Europe inevitable. Stalin may have failed to foresee Hitler's cold treachery, but the treaty gave Russia a respite of nearly two years, and Stalin acted as if he were clearly aware of that fact. In the following month Poland was partitioned.

"THE BIG THREE" MEET AT TEHERAN: Marshal Stalin, President Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill seen during their historic meeting in the Persian capital. In the group behind are Molotov and Anthony Eden. This visit to Teheran in November 1943, at a turning-point in the Second World War, after Stalingrad and Alamein, was Stalin's first journey outside Russia since 1912. Two years after Teheran came the meeting at Yalta.

THE MEETING OF "THE BIG THREE" AT YALTA—A PICTURE WHICH SHOCKED THE WORLD: It showed Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin in the vigour of their prime, and sitting between them was the white-haired and rapidly ageing American President. The Yalta Conference took place in February 1945 as the Allies stood upon the threshold of victory, and in the following April Roosevelt died.



THE POTSDAM MEETING, AFTER TWO OF THE PARTNERS IN THE GRAND ALLIANCE HAD BEEN REMOVED: Mr. Attlee, who assumed the British leadership following his election victory, President Truman, who took over after the death of Roosevelt, and Stalin seen during the second stage of the conference. Standing behind them are Admiral Leahy, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Molotov.

STALIN THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE: He is seen at a sports meeting in 1946 holding a boy on the balcony of the grandstand, while Molotov lifts up a little girl. Such gestures are not unknown in most dictator countries, but there was no gainsaying Stalin's strong appeal to the youth of Soviet Russia.

MALENKOV DOES THE TALKING: Stalin listening while the Secretary of the Central Committee addressed the Congress of the party in 1952, an indication to the world of the likely line of succession.

MEXICAN ART THROUGH 3,500 YEARS—A REPRODUCTION OF SEVENTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS FROM THE MAYA TOWN OF BONAMPAK (CHIAPAS), NOW ON VIEW AT THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON : The paintings, discovered in 1947, were executed by Augustin Villagra. The Exhibition of Mexican Art from Pre-Columbian Times to the present day, organised under the auspices of the Mexican Government as a gesture of friendship towards the people of Britain, is presented jointly by the Arts Council and organisations in Mexico. In charge of the 1,300 exhibits, many of which have been loaned from private collections, is Senor Fernando Gamboa, Assistant Director of the Mexican National Institute of Fine Arts. Prior to coming to London the exhibition was held in Stockholm and Paris. The exhibition at the Tate continues until April 26.

A COLLECTION OF MASKS IN THE POPULAR ART SECTION OF THE EXHIBITION : These masks, made of wood, cardboard or leather, are used for dances, ceremonies and as children's toys. They are also used in connection with festivals of the Roman Catholic Church. The most common subjects are the devil, death, and the clown.

THE MEXICAN ART EXHIBITION

A Further Selection from the 1,300 Exhibits at the Tate Gallery, Covering the Development of Mexican Art from 1,500 B.C. to the Present Day

As noted in THE SPHERE last week, the Exhibition of Mexican Art at the Tate Gallery is the largest exhibition ever arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain, and the biggest display of Mexican art ever seen in England. On these pages appear a further selection from the 1,300 exhibits which, displayed in ten galleries at the Tate, cover the development of Mexican art from 1,500 B.C. to the present day. The exhibits fall into four distinct groups—Pre-Columbian, Colonial, Modern and Popular Art—ranging from macabre relics of human sacrifices of the ancient periods to the lavishly ornamented baroque adornments of Christian churches and the gay simplicity of folk-art. Great attention has been paid to the presentation of the exhibits, especially where items of the pre-Columbian period are shown. The gallery containing these exhibits is in darkness except for a dull glow of blue light in the roof and shafts of yellow light illuminating individual objects. This dramatic method of presentation has been chosen in order to give the impression of the gloom of the pagan temples in which the objects were originally housed. In the Colonial Room, where the space is dominated by the huge altar-piece, there is a false roof of green silk, while in the gallery devoted to Popular Art, the exhibits are ranged beneath a "roof" of dozens of paper fretwork banners originally used in parades on fête days. This latter room is as glittering as a bazaar. Perhaps the most significant of the twenty exhibits loaned by the British Museum is the Zouche-Nuttall Codex, shown in its full length of 37 ft. This was given by Montezuma to Cortez, and depicts the conquests and career of a great warrior chief called Ocelot Claw. The Codex might be described as a Mexican equivalent of the Bayeux Tapestry.

XOCHIPILLI, PRINCE OF FLOWERS, GOD OF JOY, MUSIC AND DANCING : This Aztec figure, wearing a mask and necklace of teeth, has its body decorated with symbols of flowers and of "the heart of the sun." It is seated on a pedestal decorated with shellfish.

TWO EXAMPLES OF ZAPOTEC CULTURE : *On the left* is a funerary urn, representing a figure with plumed headdress in the shape of a jaguar's head, and *on right*, the head of a bat, with open mouth and protruding tongue. Both are in ochre terracotta. The Zapotecs, one of the oldest and most cultured peoples of Mexico, were among the foremost ceramic artists of the country. Their history can be traced from archaic times.

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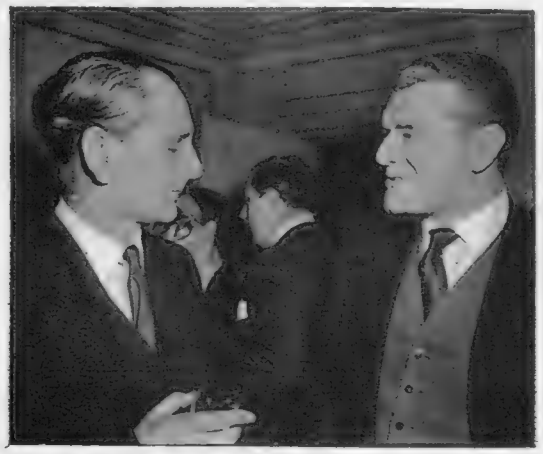
TWO VIEWS OF THE NORWEGIAN VESSEL, THE "BAALBEK," AS SHE DOCKED AT GRAVESEND AFTER COLLIDING WITH THE NORE TOWERS, IN THE THAMES ESTUARY: Across the *Baalbek's* bows the wreckage of one of the catwalks from the towers can be seen. Four of the caretakers on the towers lost their lives as a result of the collision. The 2,160-ton Norwegian ship was making her way up the Thames Estuary in the fog of Sunday, March 1, when she crashed into the Nore towers, which were built for the Army during the war to guard the Estuary against mine-laying hostile aircraft. The towers are now manned by a staff of civilian caretakers, four of whom lost their lives when the tower that they were in toppled into the sea as a result of the collision. A second tower collapsed across the deck of the *Baalbek* and grounded her. Despite a severe list, the Norwegian vessel managed to lower a lifeboat and rescued the remaining staff from the towers and later searched for the missing men. The collision severed all telephone connections to land, and the first news of the disaster came in a wireless message from the ship asking for help. This message was answered by lifeboats from Southend, Walton-on-the-Naze, Margate and Ramsgate.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUEL SEA" MEETS "CAPTAIN ERICSON": Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat (left), author of the naval story *The Cruel Sea*, with Mr. Jack Hawkins, who plays the part of Captain Ericson in the film of the story, made by Ealing Studios, which will be shown for the first time on March 26. They are seen at the Dorchester Hotel, where the author met stars of the film.

100,000 TONS OF CHALK THAT WILL BE USED FOR KENT'S SEA DEFENCES: A "grab" crane is seen in operation near Knockholt Railway Station, in Kent, where a large-scale project for moving 100,000 tons of chalk to the Kent coast is in operation. The chalk will be used for building a new sea-wall between Reculver and Birchington, where the sea water rushed in during the floods. The men are working round the clock loading the chalk into trains which take it on the long journey to the coast. About six trainloads of chalk are leaving Knockholt every day and it is hoped that the task will be completed within two months.

On right—

ROYAL MARINE COMMANDOS EXERCISING IN THE SNOW-CLAD CAIRNGORMS: From their base at Aviemore, Inverness-shire, detachments of these Marine Commandos have been undergoing intensive snow-warfare training throughout the winter to give them experience in living and fighting at temperatures far below freezing-point. They are being taught how to build igloos, how to patrol, fight and live under canvas in the extreme cold. They are also experimenting with new types of clothing and equipment.

MARINE COMMANDOS CLIMB THE CAIRNGORMS IN WHITE CAMOUFLAGE SUITS: The Commandos have only two meals a day when on exercise, breakfast and the evening meal, with a snack packet of chocolate and biscuits to be eaten on the move. Tents are erected in the snow at high altitudes in about a minute, and if weather conditions are very severe a snow wall is built around the tent for additional protection.

CONGREVE'S

The Way of the World

The Famous Comedy of Repartee is Presented at the Lyric, Hammersmith

John Gielgud has a taste for Congrevian comedy, and he understands this fantastic posturing well enough, this spectacle of men and women pretending to be civilised while they skate neatly across the glossy surface of life, avoiding the deeper issues. The result of Mr. Gielgud's understanding is that the revival of *The Way of the World*, Congreve's last play, provides an evening of mirth and pleasure at the Lyric, Hammersmith, so much so that it is hard to understand why the original production was received so coldly away back in 1700. Perhaps the play is differently approached now, being regarded as a series of scenes from high life in which the plot is subordinated to repartee, not as a continuous drama. How each of these scenes should be played was never made quite clear by Congreve, and that is why Mr. Gielgud and his colleagues have had their heads.

"WELL, HEAVEN GRANT I LOVE YOU NOT TOO WELL, THAT'S ALL MY FEAR": Mirabell (John Gielgud) kneels before the delightful Millamant (Pamela Brown), who has consented to be his bride. Millamant's decision to "dwindle into a wife" provides the basis for much of the play's scintillating wit. Seated in the background is Margaret Rutherford (Lady Wishfort), and standing behind her are: Mairhi Russell (Mincing), Peter Sallis (Waitwell), Jessie Evans (Foible), Brewster Mason (Sir Wilfull), Pauline Jameson (Mrs. Fainall), Richard Wordsworth (Petulant) and Paul Scofield (Witwould).

THE EPITOME OF CONGREVIAN ELEGANCE: Witwould (Paul Scofield) and Petulant (Richard Wordsworth) standing behind Millamant (Pamela Brown) and Mrs. Marwood (Eileen Herlie). Mr. Scofield's performance is in the true Restoration manner, while Eileen Herlie makes a very effective Mrs. Marwood.

"WILL YOU DRINK ANYTHING AFTER YOUR JOURNEY, NEPHEW?": Lady Wishfort (Margaret Rutherford) and Sir Wilfull (Brewster Mason) in one of their scenes together in *The Way of the World*. Margaret Rutherford is at her brightest and best in this comedy of repartee, emphasising her points here and there with that well-controlled toss of the chin that has brought her fame upon the screen.

DOVER

THE NEW CAR FERRY

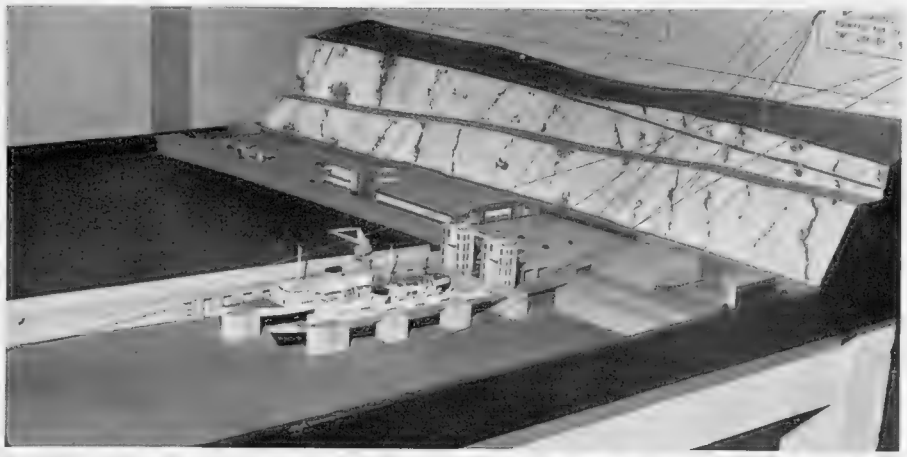
The Terminal Which is Being Constructed by the Dover Harbour Board will give Direct Access for Cars Between Ship and Shore

Last June, when the new British Railways car-ferry steamer *Lord Warden* entered into service between Dover and Boulogne, it took two hours to hoist seventy-eight cars and two coaches on board the ship at the English port, while at Boulogne the same vehicles were driven off by their owners in twelve minutes. This latter operation was made possible by the use of the long ramp attached to the new marine station erected by Boulogne's Harbour Authorities. In July next at Dover the new car ferry terminal at the Eastern Docks will be in full operation and all vehicles will be driven on board the cross-Channel ferries by way of the loading bridges.

The new marine terminal at Dover, which is being constructed by the Dover Harbour Board, is a much bigger undertaking than that at Boulogne, and it will add enormously to cross-Channel travel facilities. Two new berths have been built, and these will be served by the 140-ft.-long bridges which have been constructed to rise and fall automatically with the tide, by means of hoisting machinery housed in portals at the seaward end of the bridges. On arrival at the terminal the motorist will drive by way of the dual carriageway to the car-park (accommodating 300 cars) outside the Reception Building. In this latter building the traveller will be able to make travel arrangements, contact the A.A. and R.A.C. representatives, change currency, and obtain refreshments. From there the outgoing cars will pass direct to the Customs Examination Hall, where one-way roads, both to it and inside the hall, will simplify and accelerate the travellers' and Customs officers' tasks. A petrol and car service station, situated inside the main dock gates, will also be available.

When the terminal is brought into full operation the vessels using the new facilities will include the *Lord Warden* (capacity 130 cars) and *Dinard* (80 cars) for services to and from Boulogne; *Halladale* (55 cars) for services to and from Calais, and the Belgian Marine Administration's *Prinses Josephine Charlotte* (120 cars) for services to and from Ostend.

THE RISE OF THE NEW CAR FERRY TERMINAL IN THE EASTERN DOCKS AT DOVER: A general view of the partly-completed portals which will house the mechanism for raising and lowering the two loading bridges. The bridges are designed to allow the cars to drive straight on to the stern of the ferry at any state of the tide. Dover's new car ferry terminal has been designed by the town's Harbour Board to ensure the speedy shipment and unloading of cars and coaches to and from the Continent and to provide travellers with all those facilities necessary for proper comfort. The car terminal, which is the first installation of its kind in the country, will form the link with similar facilities at several Continental ports.



A VIEW OF ONE OF THE LOADING BRIDGES, AND, *on right*, A MODEL OF THE NEW CAR-FERRY TERMINAL: There will be two loading bridges and it is hoped that the first will come into use in April. This will be used by Messrs. Townsend Brothers Ferries' vessel *Halladale*, which normally operates from the Eastern Docks. In the background of the model can be seen the administrative offices and huge car-park.

THE INTERIOR OF THE 24,000-SQ.-FT. CUSTOMS EXAMINATION HALL: In this spacious covered hall 240 cars per hour will drive alongside the islands for Customs examination.

THE WESTERN APPROACH TO THE LARGE CUSTOMS EXAMINATION HALL, AND THE FIRST PARTLY-COMPLETED BRIDGE: The bridge is pivoted at the shore end and connected to a floating platform at the portal so that, whatever the state of the tide, cars can drive straight aboard the ferry. The terminal will be brought into full operation on July 4, and during the summer there will be up to seven arrivals and seven departures daily. The cost of the installation will be about £750,000.

IDEAL HOMES AND SUNLIT GARDENS

The Thirtieth Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia is Visited by the Queen and by the Minister of Housing, Whose People's House is Prominently Displayed in the Model Village at Olympia

THE QUEEN SEES A MODEL OF THE CORONATION COACH AT THE THIRTIETH IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION HELD AT OLYMPIA: *Left*—Her Majesty arriving for her preview of the Exhibition in company with Viscount Rothermere. *Right*—The 100-ft.-long model cavalcade of the Coronation procession. This is a magnificent replica of the celebrated coach which has taken so many of the Sovereigns of England to their crowning and which has now been refurbished at a cost of £10,000. The builder of the State Coach was Sir William Chambers, architect of Somerset House. The work is richly ornamented with laurel and is elaborately gilded. The wheels resemble those of an ancient triumphal chariot. Cipriani's paintings which adorn the coach's panels and doors are cast in the classical, allegorical style so beloved in the eighteenth century.

AMONG THE HOUSES RECOMMENDED FOR LOCAL COUNCIL CONSTRUCTION: This year's exhibits at Olympia are designed to facilitate quicker building and to achieve a saving of 10 per cent. in vital building material.

London was shrouded in a grey fog on the day of the Queen's visit to the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, but within a few minutes of entering the building the Royal visitor was walking through a sunlit garden filled with the scent of spring flowers. The Queen had also a foretaste of the splendours of June, when she inspected the Coronation cavalcade in miniature.

As ever, the exhibition lays before the public all that is most newly discovered, devised or invented in service to the home, as well as many features which belong to the earliest days of the Exhibition. Houses are more than ever the paramount need of the people, and so it is to the model village that most visitors turn as soon as they arrive.

There are fourteen shops in the village, ranging from the shop which displays a hundred kinds of fish to the shop which provides free shoe-shines. There is a modern market while the inn, designed to be the social centre of a newly created residential area, has everything to offer except refreshment, as it has not been designed to compete with the established bars at Olympia.

In the private dwellings that are open to view, chief interest centres on the People's House, and those who are most concerned about rising costs in these days will welcome the official examples given by the Ministry of Housing of how costs may be kept down. They include walls made of compressed straw slabs, laminated plasterboard without timber studding, a prefabricated floor panel, and a cored plasterboard partition that needs no timber frame.

THIS IS THE DAVIS OLYMPIA HOUSE: This house, with a floor area not exceeding 1,000 sq. ft., is recommended for those who prefer to possess a home of their own and to obtain a licence from the local authority.

THE CORONATION INN IN THE VILLAGE OF IDEAL HOMES: This exhibit suggests features for an inn which, in a new community, would not only foster neighbourliness, as the "local" always has done, but also help to create a flourishing social life where none has existed.

THIS GARDEN HAS BEEN DESIGNED WITH THE IDEA OF DEMONSTRATING THE VIRTUES OF HARDY CARNATIONS : It is the display of Allwood Brothers, of Haywards Heath, and it is emphasised that whether one has a large garden or only a window-box, these plants can give great satisfaction.

A GARDEN DESIGNED AROUND A FORMAL POOL : This display is by Whiteleggs, of Knockholt. Beyond the pool is a raised terrace, with a garden pavilion built on classical lines, the Grecian columns forming an open front. Bold plantings of rhododendrons and azaleas lend glorious colour to this garden scene.

AN OLD MILL GARDEN BUILT BY WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES : Skilful planting of spring-flowering trees and shrubs makes this a most pleasing set-piece. The bubbling mill-stream is flanked by outcrops of weathered stone, among which are rock and Alpine plants.

THE MINISTER OF HOUSING SEES FOR HIMSELF : Mr. Harold Macmillan, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Marples, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, viewing the lounge in one of the People's Houses at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

A FORMAL TERRACE LEADING TO A GARDEN HOUSE : This is the work of Ralph Hancock and Son, and is shown in the Gardens Section of the Exhibition. Japanese maples and conifers are included in this most elaborate display, as also are some magnificent azaleas.

THE BETTER VANGUARD AT GENEVA

An Improved Version of the Famous Car Makes its First Appearance at the Swiss Motor Show

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE new Standard Vanguard made its bow at the Swiss Motor Show at Geneva last week, and few will deny that the changes made have improved the car greatly. The boot is bigger, the doors are wider and the clutch is better. And the redesigned rear end gives the Vanguard a sleeker and more modern appearance.

Yet there are many people who profess themselves to be a little disappointed. They say they expected more—not a brand-new model by any means, but one incorporating more changes than are to be found in the Phase II Vanguard.

The wheelbase, for instance. At 7 ft. 10 ins. this has always seemed a bit on the short side. It compares with the Austin Hereford's 8 ft. 3 ins., the Vauxhall Velox's 8 ft. 7 ins., and the Citroën's 10 ft. 1½ ins. Yet the Standard Motor Company has decided to leave this design feature unchanged, in spite of an increase of 5 ins. in the car's overall length.

But having tried out one of the new Vanguards, I can say without hesitation that it is an even better motor-car than it used to be. Its pleasant handling characteristics are unchanged and it is as lively as ever. The wider doors and bigger boot make even more pronounced the "big car feeling" the six-seater Vanguard has always had.

Let us run over in a little more detail the changes that have been made. First, the car's appearance. The Vanguard has always seemed a bit too bulbous, particularly at the back. That has been changed by the new design of the luggage boot, which now conforms to the modern squarish style. The rear-wheel arches have been modified, too, and are no longer fitted with detachable covers. The twin rear lamps, stop lights and reversing lamps are grouped in panels on both sides of the boot.

The Vanguard now has four windows instead of six, and one effect of moving the centre pillar back quite a bit has been to help in the overall improvement of the car's appearance. Pivoted glass ventilators are fitted to all four doors. Access to the rear compartment has been improved by allowing the rear doors to open the full width of the seat.

The spare wheel is now carried beneath the luggage locker; and the petrol tank, which now holds 12 gallons instead of 15, is placed vertically at the back of the luggage boot, which gives 21 cub. ft. of luggage space compared with 14 cub. ft. previously.

There is a new bonnet motif and the chromium strips forming the radiator grille have been modified to make for easier cleaning. They have also been lengthened to embrace the parking lights. The most important change mechanically concerns the clutch, which has been strengthened and is now operated hydraulically, giving a very light pedal pressure.

The Vanguard's 2,088-cc. (17.9 h.p.) overhead-valve 4-cylinder engine needs no introduction. It gives snappy acceleration, a top speed of close on 80 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption, if driven with reasonable care, of 24 m.p.g. An overdrive gear is available as an optional extra. The basic price of the Vanguard, recently reduced to £510 pending the introduction of the Phase II model, now goes back to the old figure of £590, which, with £329 5s. 7d. purchase tax, makes a total price of £919 5s. 7d.

It is always a pleasure to visit Mr. William Lyons at his Coventry factory, and a recent call I paid at his new 1,000,000-sq.-ft. works at Allesley was no exception. For over lunch the Jaguar chief told me of his firm's latest technical development, calculated to bring in even better dollar business this year.

I refer, of course, to the automatic transmission that is now fitted to every Jaguar Mark VII sent to North America. This is a bold, realistic move, and one likely to bring big dividends. For in the U.S. two-pedal controls are commonplace. Every make of American car offers some form of automatic transmission either as standard or optional equipment, and thousands of American motorists have never driven a car fitted with an ordinary gear-box.

Now 10,000,000 dollars-worth of Jaguars were sold in the U.S. last year. That is a lot of money—about £3,572,000—and it shows that Americans like Jaguars. And visits Mr. Lyons has paid to America convinced him that many more Americans would buy his cars if he offered them a saloon which saved them the trouble of changing gear.

He decided that it would be uneconomic to design and produce his own system of automatic transmission, and he has followed the example of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars in "adopting" a proved American system and persuading the Treasury to let him buy it for dollars on condition that all the cars so fitted are sold to North America.

Bill Lyons chose the Borg-Warner system, which is fitted to Studebaker cars and to certain Ford models. It is an excellent piece of mechanism, as I discovered originally in America, and I was glad of the chance to renew acquaintance with it in a Mark VII Jaguar which Mr. Lyons let me drive around Coventry.

There is no clutch pedal and all you do to get going after putting the selector lever to the "P" or "N" positions (park or neutral), pressing the starter button and moving the lever to the "D" (or drive) position is to release the hand-brake and step on the accelerator pedal. Virtually all forward driving, accelerating and stopping can be done with the lever in this "D" position.

When accelerating with the lever at "D" the transmission shifts automatically from intermediate to direct drive between 18 and 55 m.p.h., depending on the position of the accelerator pedal. When decelerating, it will shift automatically from direct drive to intermediate at about 12 m.p.h.

Although these automatic transmissions make driving so simple, I find they are rather complicated to describe. And I will spare you further technical details beyond saying that the Borg-Warner system has a three-element hydraulic torque converter followed by two epicyclic gear trains. The gear trains incorporate free-wheels and are controlled by hydraulically-operated band and disc clutches.

A big feature of the Borg-Warner system is that when the high "gear" comes into operation positive, non-slip drive is given between engine and rear wheels, with consequent benefit in fuel economy. Mr. Lyons, who has just opened his own sales office in New York, has set himself a U.S. export target of 25,000,000 dollars for 1953. Good luck to him. He is still exporting more than 80 per cent. of his total production, which, by the way, he is planning to step up considerably in the next six months. The basic price of the Jaguar Mark VII in the U.S. has been increased by £100 to £1,589 (4,450 dollars) to cover the cost of the automatic transmission.

Like the Rootes Group, about whom I wrote in my last notes, the Austin Motor Company believes that only hard, practical motoring can give the answers to some of the problems involved in the production of an inexpensive, reliable family car. The laboratories and the test beds tell the designers much of what they want to know, but only when their brain-children are exposed to the ruthless trial of everyday motoring are weaknesses revealed which, according to the test tubes, slide rules and vacuum gauges cannot possibly exist!

That is why Austins like to stage tests which, while demonstrating the quality of their cars, also give them much valuable information on how vital components stand up to excessive strains and stresses. Into this category fall such demonstrations as the round-the-world trip in an A40 sports model; and the marathon runs of the Atlantic at Indianapolis and the A40 saloon at Montlhery.

And now we are to have another spectacular drive by a Somerset saloon from the tropical heat of Equatorial Africa to the Arctic severities of Northern Sweden.

With Ken Wharton, Alan Hess and Ron Jeavons sharing the driving, the little 10-h.p. car is due to set out next Tuesday from Entebbe, in Uganda, on a run of 8,000 miles to Jokkmokk, in Sweden, just north of the Arctic Circle. By driving day and night with only brief stops for refuelling they hope to get there in two weeks.

At the Dorchester Hotel lunch at which we were told about this project—in which the Vacuum Oil Company is collaborating—it was stated: "The object of this unprecedented journey is to prove the car's complete reliability and at the same time to provide the answers to a number of scientific problems—answers about engine cooling and performance which cannot be obtained under artificially-produced conditions, but only by an actual high-speed and virtually non-stop run from intense heat into intense cold."

The Vacuum Oil Company are making special arrangements for the supply of petrol—the Mobilgas now being marketed on an ever-widening scale in Britain—lubricants and other services over the entire route with the co-operation of their overseas associates.

The Austin will have special instruments to enable the three drivers to keep a detailed record of the car's performance. Oil and water temperature gauges will be read in conjunction with an external thermometer and all variations will be methodically logged. The car will also carry certain prototype equipment which will be under test for the first time.

There will be twenty-five refuelling and four main lubrication service points on the selected route, which will take the little car up the Nile Valley, along the North African coast and across the Mediterranean to Marseilles.

A NEW BRITISH SPORTS MODEL WHICH IS TO BE MARKETED IN THE UNITED STATES: Sir John Black, Deputy Chairman and Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company, in the new Triumph sports car which he recently demonstrated in the United States for officials of Willys-Overland Inc. Sir John returned to this country with news of a dollar-earning agreement "of far-reaching military and economic significance." An agreement in principle has been reached under which Standard Motors are to make the famous Willys jeep in England, and Willys-Overland will market the new Triumph sports car and the new Standard Eight in America.

FROM PARIS TO SYDNEY AND BACK BY MOTOR-CYCLE: Loaded with provisions and fuel, Guy Gamba and Andre Lebovici leave Notre Dame on a return journey by motor-cycle and motor-scooter to Sydney, Australia. They will travel through Turkey, Persia, Pakistan and India, and expect to cover about 40,000 miles.

THE AUSTIN A40 SOMERSET SALOON WHICH IS TO MAKE A GRUELLING TEST RUN FROM ENTEBBE, IN UGANDA, TO JOKKMOKK, IN ARCTIC SWEDEN: With the car are the three men who will drive on the 8,000-mile journey. They are (from left to right) Ron Jeavons, Ken Wharton and Alan Hess. The object of the journey is to prove the car's complete reliability, and, at the same time, to provide answers about engine cooling and oil performance which cannot be obtained under artificially-produced conditions in the laboratory. The Austin will be equipped with instruments to enable the drivers to keep a detailed record of its performance under conditions varying from the heat of Uganda to the intense cold of Northern Sweden

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

FROM THE GENTLE ROBIN TO BIG GAME

Two New Books Which Have the English and Indian Countrysides as Backgrounds; When Suleiman was Sultan

ROBINS, Herrick's "Robin-Red-brest," and all his kin, are a part of the English scene, and the average Englishman's affection for these brisk little birds has survived generations of Christmas-card sentiment. All one could want to know about the robin, and a great deal more than most of us could guess there was to know, is contained in Mr. David Lack's excellent volume THE LIFE OF THE ROBIN (Pelican. 2s. 6d.), which is happily planned for the layman, and therefore perfectly comprehensible even to people who have never spent hours crouched in a twiggy wood or an excessively damp marsh observing the habits of birds. The robin, we learn, decides on his own territory and defends it, if necessary aggressively, whereas his wife (he is generally a monogamous creature) is a wanderer with no particular sense of possessions. She does, however, sing as well as her mate, which is a rare circumstance. As for their young, fewer than 10 per cent. of them survive, and the robin's can be accounted a tough life. Mr. Lack writes in considerable detail of their song, their fighting, their courtships and their food, and adds an entertaining chapter on adventures with a stuffed robin. The illustrations, whether sketches or photographs, are helpful, and there is an enchanting one of the late Lord Grey of Fallodon with his pet robin perched on his hat.

"THE ROADS AT ST. HELENA": This drawing by G. H. Bellasis, originally published in 1815, appears in *Honourable Company* (Hollis and Carter. 21s.), by M. Bellasis, the story of the Bellasis family in the service of the East India Company. The first Bellasis who adventured to Bombay did so in the seventeenth century, and the family connection has persisted to the present day. Arthur Bryant contributes a foreword to this story of India in Company days.

TIGER LADY (Heinemann. 18s.) is the kind of book about which one might be tempted to say to one's friends: "I won't tell you anything more of it, otherwise you might suppose that it 's not your kind of book." And, indeed, the reminiscences of a lady who was the wife of a Forest official and who, for thirty-six years, lived, camped and hunted in India, in a world that opened approximately with the great Durbar of 1911 and ended in 1947, when the power of British rule was transferred to the Indians, might not with such a bald announcement appeal to everyone. There are, however, three good reasons for enjoying this book. First, is the fact that, without the slightest literary pretension, it succeeds in being adequately well-written; second, that the physical adventures so calmly described are, with no exceptions, hair-raising; and third, that its author, Mrs. Olive Smythies, has a nonchalant attitude towards danger and discomfort which may well be regarded as superb.

As a bride, Mrs. Smythies set out on the first of her tours with her husband, which was normally to take them for at least seven months of the year into the forests and foothills of Northern India. At the beginning of the hot weather they returned to their base. The following chapter opens with admirable sangfroid and the words: "The next cold weather camping was complicated, now that we had a baby to take around with us." As you will appreciate, there was never a question of parking the baby or of staying parted. But there is so much that is startlingly good to quote. For instance, Mrs. Smythies, who by her own statements was never over-fond of embroidery or knitting, would, "when there was nothing else to do," sit over a goat for a leopard.

This activity consisted in tethering the living goat underneath a tree into which the hunter climbed and waited for hours for the prey to show itself. Mrs. Smythies agrees with the statement that the tiger is a gentleman—she adds herself, that a chance encounter with a tiger is a positive pleasure—whereas a leopard is a despicable bounder. And she has shot game on foot and from the back of an elephant with amazing courage and persistence, camping in circumstances which were a medley of the magnificent (vice-regal camps and a train of butlers and bearers), and the hazardous (camps invaded by anything from bull rhinos to wild elephants). I particularly like the author's *envoi* that, as she looks back over the many years she spent as the wife of a Forest officer in India, "I no longer wonder if I could not have spent them in a more happy and pleasant sort of way."

Whichever way you take it, a wonderful book, and what will be perfectly clear to you after you have read the book is that Mrs. Smythies *likes* animals.

Suleiman the Magnificent was Sultan of Turkey from 1520 to 1566 and his reign coincided with the most glorious period in the history of Islam, but he was also a great campaigner who added to his dominions places as far apart as Belgrade and Bagdad, Budapest, Rhodes, Aden, Tabriz and Algiers. He is a good subject for a full-scale biography and Mr. Harold Lamb, after much research, has devoted a long and richly detailed book to him. It is perhaps a pity that the form it takes swings a little clumsily between the romantic and the academic, but to the persevering it is a study of considerable interest, and, as the author says of a book by the great historian, Sir Charles Oman, "his description of the European efforts is painstaking." Altogether, SULEIMAN THE MAGNIFICENT (Robert Hale. 18s.) is quite an impressive piece of work.

The William Blake Trust have this week presented an edition of JERUSALEM (Trianon Press—Faber and Faber; 3 gns.) which is a collector's item and consists first of the text of *Jerusalem* in letterpress, and, second, of a facsimile of the Rinder copy of the original which was first etched on copper and printed in black ink. The complete volume, being the standard text of Blake's great epic, is one of the culminating works of the Blake Trust, which was formed to make his work better known to the public as to specialised students by publishing it in the finest possible reproduction.

Mr. Alec Waugh writes of London and Londoners in his new novel, GUY RENTON (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), which covers the period from the '20's to 1946, and is chiefly concerned with the family of a wine-shipper, his century-old firm, his sons and daughters, and their adventures in wars, marriages, schools and business. I enjoyed it and found it a satisfying, solidly constructed piece of work, vivid enough in its characterisation to interest one in the development of the plot, and to give one just enough of that sense of anticipation that should be an author's aim, and sometimes, regrettably, is not.

One of the attractions of Mr. Waugh's books is in the zest for life that they reflect. Here is an author who can and does write about cricket, Rugby football, ski-ing, food, wine and the South of France not as one who has a concise academic knowledge of his subjects, but as one who has enjoyed them all himself immensely, from Hobbs' last Test match to the sun on a Mougins hillside. This capacity for enjoyment, and this genuine relish for life, are invariably likeable qualities in a writer's books. Fortunately, Mr. Waugh, who is a serious professional writer, backs them up by giving his story a real plan rather than a loose growth, and by writing something more than competently. It is sad, but an interesting fact to ponder, that he has made his principal character so little of a hedonist.

THE LITTLE HANGMAN (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.) sounds like, but is not by any stretch of the imagination a thriller. On the other hand, it *is* the story of a crime and of the way in which it is discovered and unravelled by a young writer coming to spend a quiet winter by the West Country cliffs. Mr. Malcolm Elwin has not quite made up his mind, I think, whether his novel was to be a tale of amateur detection or a series of recitals of torrid love-affairs in which all the ladies, incidentally, seemed to be inflicted with shapes like vast hour-glasses, and I think it would have been better for the impact of the novel if he had shown more decision. As it is, the book is mildly entertaining reading, occasionally burdened with a portentous passage, as when one of the characters replies to an impassioned letter from her lover with one beginning: "Somewhere John Cowper Powys defines the intellectual difference between men and women. . ." The poor girl was probably only trying to live up to her admirer's standard, but the going is a little sticky.

On the other hand, the setting is remarkably well managed; the precipitous headlands, the steep tracks, the inevitable guest-house, the prosperous farm and the understaffed manor, the gossiping tradesmen and the (inevitable again) local crank.

UNBRIEFED MISSION (Falcon Press. 8s. 6d.) is nearer the ordinary conception of the detective story, and, indeed, the country-house murder with which it opens is almost too familiar to diligent readers of this kind of fiction. The library, locked from the inside, and within it a man lying dead with (you guessed it) "a small, dark stain on his shirt-front in the region of his heart." I hope I don't have to add that no weapon is to be found, for any alert fan would take this for granted. Mr Leslie Bridgmont, however, pursues his story with a confidence we must admire and in the course of it invents a new and virile amateur sleuth.

STALINGRAD AND AFTER

The Strange Tale of Count Heinrich von Einsiedel

Stalingrad, the most critical engagement of the Second World War, must rank as one of the decisive battles of history, marking the turning-point in the struggle between Stalin's Patriotic Army and the invading German forces. While every standing stone building in Stalingrad became a fortress, relentlessly attacked by the Germans and stubbornly defended from floor to floor by the Russians, giant battles were being waged in the skies. In the cockpit of one of the attacking German fighters was a certain Count von Einsiedel, who was destined to be shot down and captured and to make, during his subsequent confinement, a spiritual surrender as strange and in some ways as important as was the surrender of the German divisions at Stalingrad under the luckless Von Paulus. That spiritual surrender, and the temptation that led up to it, are described by Count von Einsiedel in his remarkable book THE SHADOW OF STALINGRAD (Allan Wingate. 15s.). With clarity and facility he describes the Stalingrad battle as he saw it, the first savage introduction to his captors in the form of beatings and starvation, and, finally, the interminable interviews with higher authority, in which it was suggested to him that he might write a pamphlet on the futility of war, to be dropped behind the German lines. Von Einsiedel was tempted and he fell, and the book is for the most part a diary of the astonishing events which followed upon that surrender. The Count became one of the foundation members of the Free German Movement which, with the adherence of Generals von Seidlitz and von Paulus, was fanned into a flame of significance by the Russians from the embers of a burnt-out army. In the five years after Stalingrad the Count became one of the chief German tools of the Kremlin. His account of this Free German Movement in action constitutes one of those documents which truly reveal the moral corruption that goes in the train of war. No one reading it will envy Count Heinrich von Einsiedel anything that has happened in his life since Stalingrad.

Edward Lear's nonsense verse has tended to eclipse all his other writings, but this master of rhyme, who also had a flair for landscape painting, was no less a master of prose, as was well demonstrated last year in a volume of Edward Lear's *Journals*, edited by Herbert Van Thal and published by Arthur Barker. That volume included a magnificent account by Lear of his visit to Petra. Now Ray Murphy has delved further into the diary of this remarkable man, and in EDWARD LEAR'S INDIAN JOURNAL (Jarrolds. 42s.) we are taken upon an excursion across the great subcontinent in the '70's, when Lear made his last journey. Between November 1873 and January 1875 Lear produced 2,000 water-colours while travelling from one end of India to the other. At the time he kept an almost minute-by-minute account of his experiences. The nine illustrations by Lear which are reproduced in full colour show him to have been a water-colourist of the front rank. It was little wonder that in his own day Lear was frustrated at the lack of recognition accorded to him in everything except the field of nonsense verse, but now in the middle years of the twentieth century Lear has come into his own. Lear really thought that the world was neglecting a great artist, and it seems that he was right. Of his prose style it must be said that it is not always in the classic tradition, but it is usually direct, simple and vivid. In half a sentence Lear could conjure up almost any scene that caught his fancy, and sometimes he did so in words that remind one inevitably of the Nonsense Rhymes, of the eternal adolescent in the character of this plump, be-whiskered man with the high-domed brow. One such entry in the diary relates to a certain resort in South Ceylon. "Mish mash nature of things in general here; nastiness and laziness of servants; awful scatteraciousness." What could be clearer than that?

In BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS (Victor Gollancz. 16s.), William O. Douglas sets down the record of a journey made in the summer of 1951 to one of the most remote and inaccessible corners of the earth; to Afghanistan and to Ladakh, that mysterious land which borders on Sinkiang and Tibet, high up in the heart of the Himalayas. But this is more than a mere travel book. Douglas's high office as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the semi-official nature of his journey, gave him privileged access to many people and places denied to the ordinary traveller, and his analysis of the political forces at work in these countries, the revolutionary movement abroad in Asia, is written with detached wisdom. The semi-official nature of Douglas's journey was to visit the Dalai Lama, who at that time had fled from Lhasa to Yatung, on the Tibetan border, and to urge him to leave Tibet and take refuge in India, where he would be safe from Communist pressure. Although Douglas arrived too late to accomplish his mission he certainly gained the raw material for an outstanding book on remotest Asia.

Another book with a political theme is C. T. Stoneham's MAU MAU (Museum Press. 12s. 6d.). The author has known Kenya intimately for a quarter of a century, and here he attempts to give the full inside story of the Mau Mau and other secret societies, whose aim it is to drive white settlers out of East Africa.

Marston Bates fell in love with the tropics during a childhood spent in Florida, and later years made the attachment permanent. In WHERE WINTER NEVER COMES (Victor Gollancz. 16s.), Mr. Bates gives us fifteen chapters of fascinating information, including a most interesting outline of tropical cultures of the past.

THE FINE ART OF MIXING DRINKS (Faber and Faber. 25s.) is a new cocktail book by David Embury. If you want to know how to make an Applejack Rabbit, a Jack-in-the-Box, or a Royal Smile, here is your man. There are 300 pages and an index for readers thirsting for knowledge.

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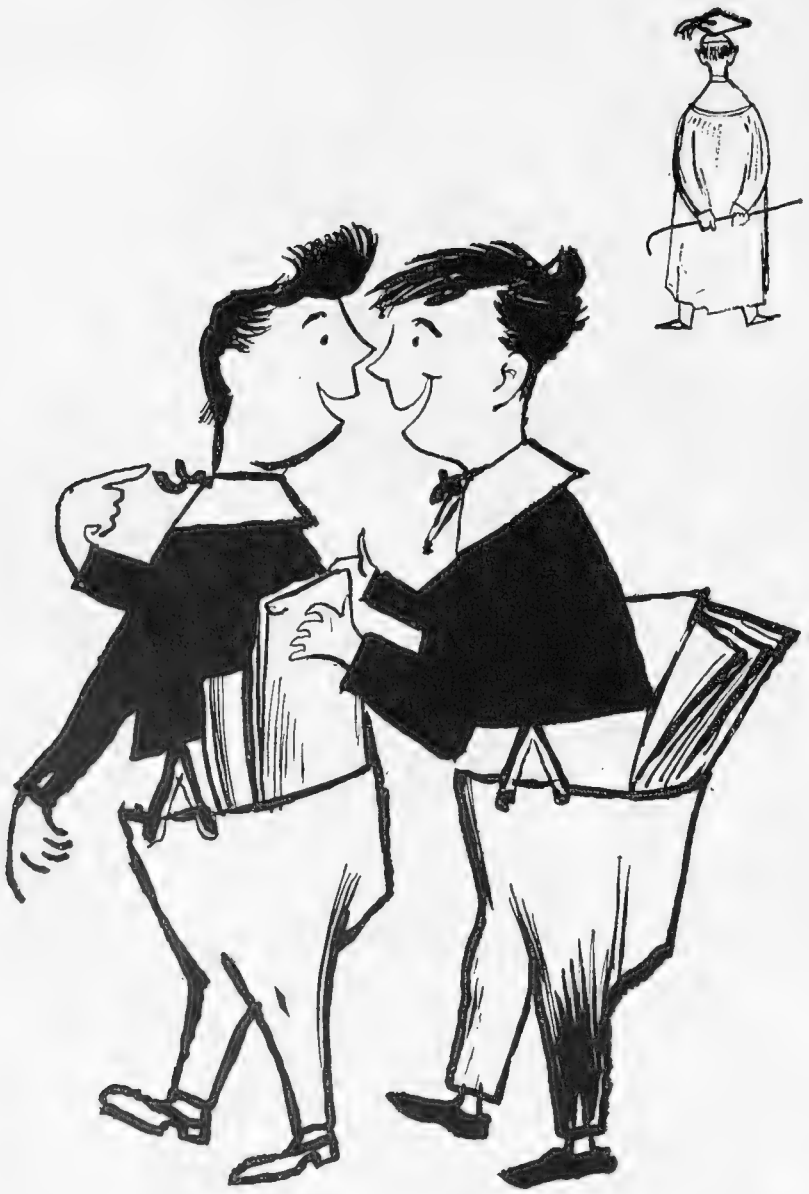

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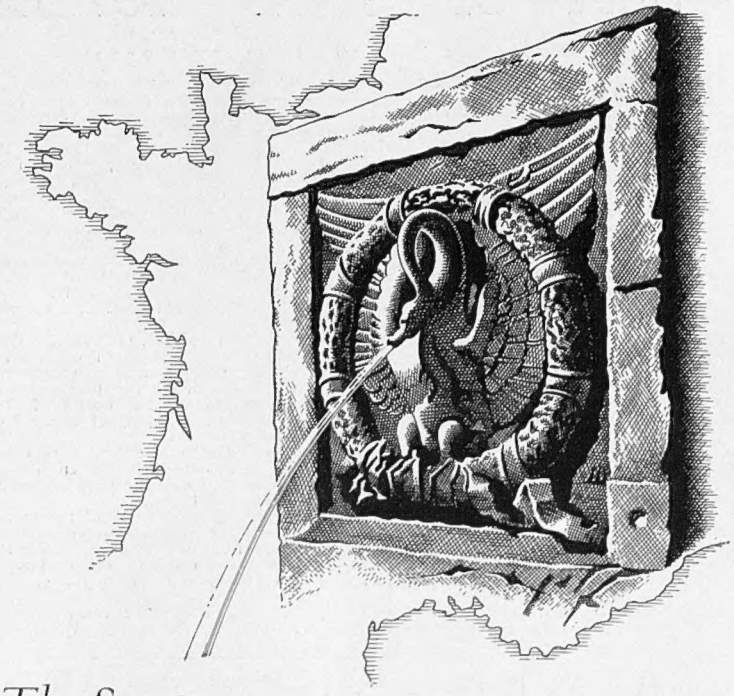

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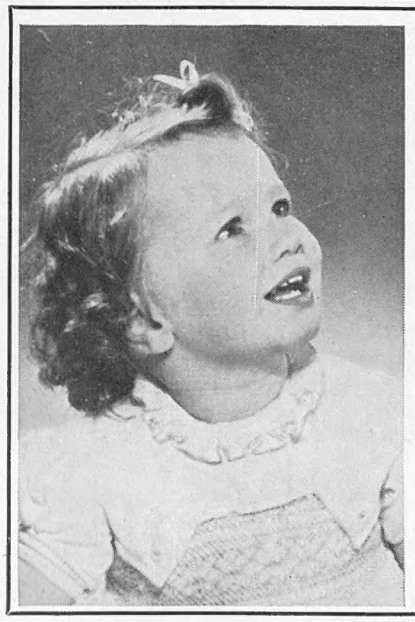

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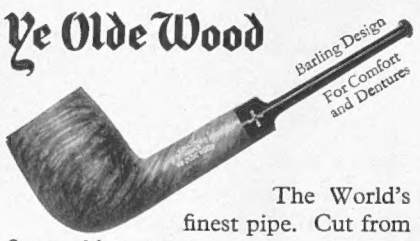

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

ON board ship, in a train, airborne or at rest in an hotel lounge, an inexhaustible topic of conversation is good food, good wine and the varying comforts and discomforts of hotel life. Most hoteliers recognise the importance of personal recommendation, but few realise that an act of personal service or, in reverse, some petty meanness will echo and re-echo around the world.

On the South African Blue Train, which runs between Cape Town, Johannesburg and Pretoria, the subject of hotels cropped up as we sat in the club bar last New Year's Day. Over 6,000 miles from Wales, it was good to hear warm praise of *Lake Vyrnwy Hotel*, 35 miles west of Shrewsbury, and of the way in which the resident owners, Wing Commander and Mrs. Moir, had received and prepared a meal after normal hours for two South Africans who were touring Britain last year. For a fishing holiday, for a honeymoon, or a likely place to meet congenial people in a country-house atmosphere, *Lake Vyrnwy Hotel* should be on your list. A Welshman to whom I recounted this Blue Train incident on the ship coming home told me that as he lived in Bala he often fished from Lake Vyrnwy, but when he wanted a change of venue he crossed over to Ireland, where his favourite spot was *Oughterard House Hotel*, at Oughterard, Co. Galway, on the threshold of Connemara. For the fishing facilities it offers on Lough Corrib and neighbouring waters, as well as for its catering and comfort, I am sure that *Oughterard House Hotel* is never mentioned except in terms of affection.

Some of us know little or nothing of the piscatorial art, but, like the fishermen, seek holiday spots off the beaten track. Probably every county has some such pleasant hide-aways to offer if one did but know of them. I have only the space here to mention a few, but my thoughts turn to sequestered Dunwich, which lies in quiet seclusion between Southwold and Aldeburgh. Here will be found *Cliff House Hotel*, separated only by a tennis-lawn from the cliff-face and the sea. What to do there? The main occupation is sweet nothing, except eating, sleeping and enjoying the company of others like-minded. For those interested in bird-watching, *Cliff House* makes a satisfying base.

Devonshire has much to offer in the sequestered category. Often I have the inclination to repair to *Great Tree*, a charmingly located country hotel near Chagford, and so close to Dartmoor and Exeter. Here Miss Lee has given expression to her love of flowers, both indoors and out, her taste in interior decoration and furnishings, and, more important still, the provision of good English fare.

Londoners who have not much time to spare for travelling will be glad to know of beauty and peace nearer at hand. What better location could one choose than that little Switzerland of England—Hindhead? Allied with beauty is the scent of pines, and in Tower Road will be found a four-star category in guest-houses called *Brambledown*, charming in every respect and efficiently run by Mrs. R. Obbard. Its lovely grounds, some six acres, are always attractive, especially in the early spring.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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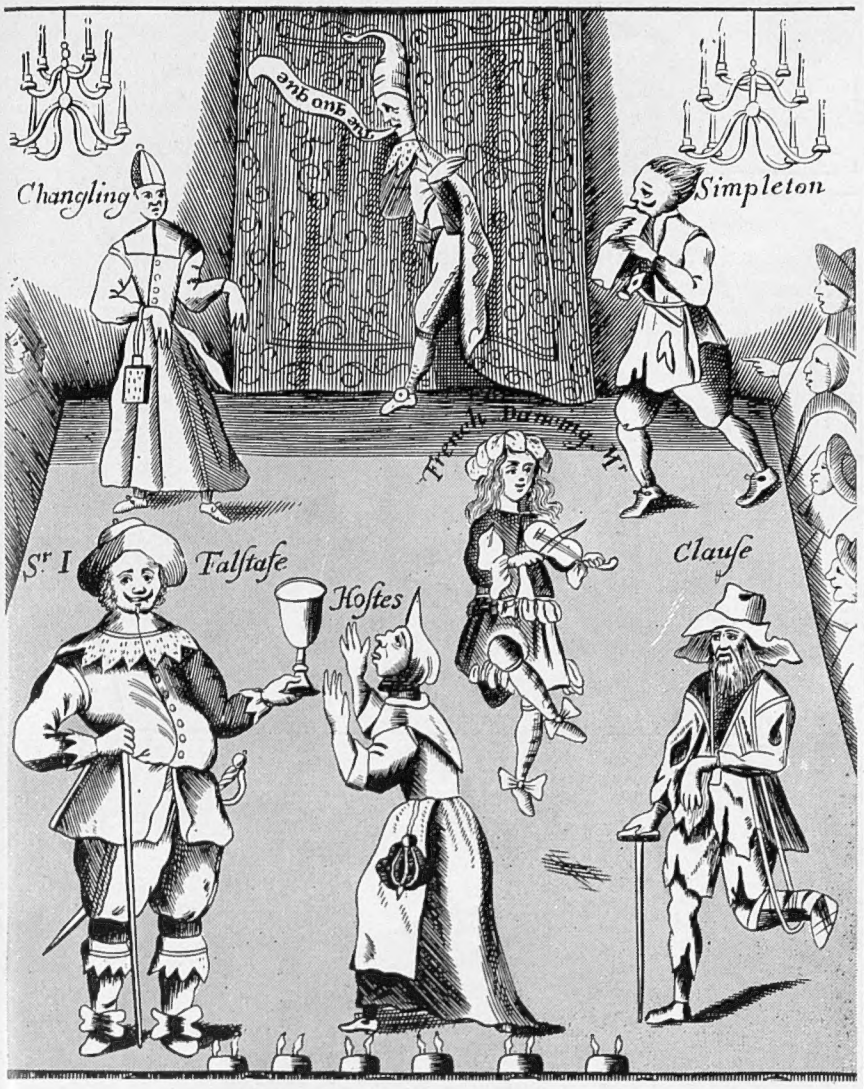

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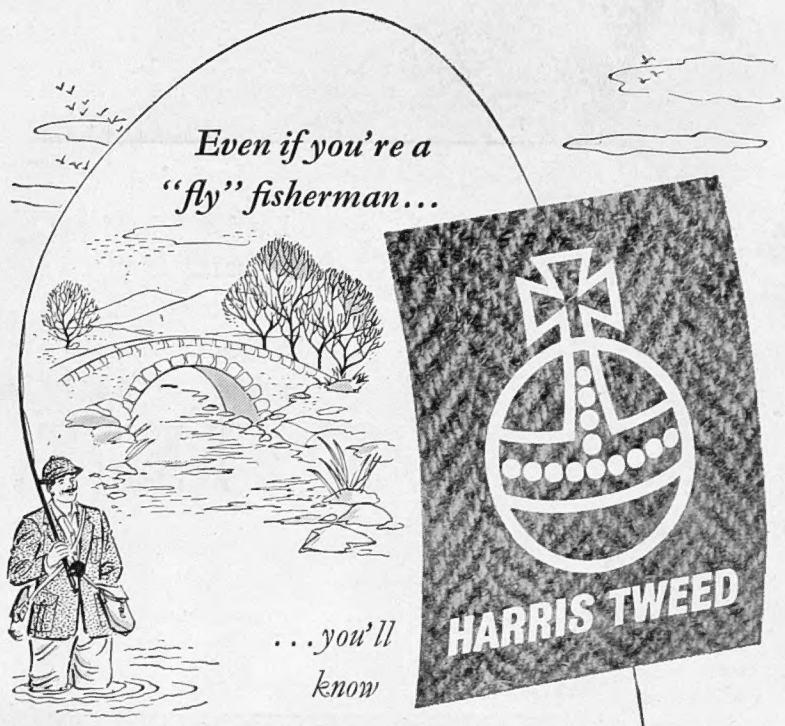

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